THE EXAMINER.

ESTABLISHED 1808.

An Independent Weekly Review of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.

No. 3,651.] *Registered at the General Post Office.*] SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1878. { PRICE . . . . 6*d.* BY POST . . . 6½*d.*

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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—De Foe.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Russian Generals seem to be straining every nerve to follow up the capture of the Turkish army in the Schipka Pass with the capture of Suleiman Pasha's army, before the conclusion of the armistice. There is every likelihood that they will succeed. Suleiman Pasha will show much greater skill than he has given any sign of hitherto if he succeeds in making good his retreat on Adrianople. He has apparently got as far as the terminus of the Maritza Valley Railway, with Gourko close on his heels; but if Eski Zaghra was occupied by the Russian vanguard on Monday, they were then within an easy ride of the Maritza, and retreat by rail must soon have been made impossible. Since then, a telegram from Constantinople has conveyed the news that the Russians are at Hirmanli, a report which is intrinsically probable. The Turkish plenipotentiaries are not expected to reach the head-quarters of the Grand Duke at Kezanlik before to-morrow, and the Russians have probably sufficient forces south of the Balkans to not only make sure of Suleiman, but to push on to Adrianople. The defences of this town are said by recent trustworthy observers to be so weak that its capture by a small force would not be a difficult achievement.

The Turks are acting very strangely if they desire to obtain an armistice on favourable terms. While they are asking easy conditions on land, they are engaged in bombarding Russian seaports, practically open and defenceless. Anapa and Theodosia are not absolutely unarmed, and the Russians were able to reply to the ironclads with a few guns. But the damage done, and meant to be done, by the Turkish cruisers, was mainly to property and the civil population. We should not like to say that civilised countries such as England have never shelled towns of the same character, for English admirals, with their blood up, have done strange things. But such conduct verges, to say the least, on the limits of what is improper in warfare, and we cannot much wonder if the Russians, in the negotiations with respect to peace, make the conduct of the Turkish squadron on the north coast of the Black Sea a special grievance. A commander cannot, in the nature of things, make very fine distinctions between soldiers and civilians, and we must expect to hear of churches injured, and private houses knocked about; but it is usual to give the civil population warning that a bombardment is about to begin, so that they may quit the menaced city if they think fit. To quietly anchor an ironclad in the offing, and then proceed, without any formalities, to pour shot and shell into a town, is a mode of war so strange that we do not doubt the Russian commanders will have something to say about it in the negotiations.

Lord Napier and Ettrick's letter to the *Times*, on the subject of the Indian frontier, is interesting as the exposition of a policy midway between the "masterly inactivity" of Lord Lawrence and the more aggressive measures advocated by Sir Henry Rawlinson. Lord Napier does not approve of the occupation of Quettah, and he does not dispute that from a military point of view our best line of defence may lie on the Indian side of the Himalayas. But he contends that, apart from the fact of our withdrawal from Quettah being inopportune, its occupation may be advisable for the protection of trade against the robbers of the Bholan Pass, and the protection of the Khan of Khelat in his sovereignty, without involving any menace to Afghanistan. Lord Napier's policy would be to come to an agreement with Russia to define a certain neutral territory between our respective possessions in Asia, to respect the independence of the princes of this territory, and encourage them as far as possible to trade with us. This undoubtedly would be the golden mean—combining the maximum of security with the minimum of trouble, but Lord Mayo's negotiations for this purpose fell through, and they do not appear to have been energetically continued since.

Sir Edward Jervois, the new Governor of South Australia, is one of the few eminent colonists who are not afraid of Chinese emigration. But then, on examining his opinion closely, we find he approves of the importation of the laborious heathen only into other territory than that with which he is connected. He rules over South Australia, and it is in the northern division of the continent that he thinks Chinese emigration useful and harmless. Of course it looks ungracious to oppose the importation of foreigners into a new country. Great Britain has grown great by becoming an asylum for ingenious refugees whose abilities could not be utilised in their own countries. But surely not a little depends on the kind of emigrant that offers himself. Those who have come into England hitherto have been of a race not so unlike our own that their absorption into the population was rendered impossible. Nay, more than that—they have been willing to identify themselves with their new country as if they had been born its citizens. The case of the Chinaman in Australia does not exactly run on all-fours with this. He is the scion of a race that never identifies itself with foreign institutions, that never permits itself to be absorbed by foreign civilisations, and that never can look upon a new country as a home. We do not need to enter much into the question of morality, though it may be conceded that emi-

grants who bring with them the putrid vices of decaying civilisations cannot be termed desirable acquisitions to a colony. The Chinese emigrant is so utterly different from the Japanese, even in the mere matter of adaptability to colonial customs, that whereas the one might be tolerable, the other must be ever regarded as more or less a nuisance. The only possible excuse for encouraging the Chinaman to squat in Australia is that in certain sultry parts of that continent the white man cannot labour. The land must either lie waste, or it must be tilled by coolies. Here obviously the Colonial Government is placed between two evils, and it must choose the least. The only objection to the policy of encouraging coolie emigration to sub-tropical Australia is that it does not seem clear how the Chinaman is to be confined to any special locality, once he is taken into the country. How is he to be prevented from gradually forcing himself on to regions where white men can work, and where they do not want him?

Very few people ever take the trouble to "think out" the Trades Union problem. The late Mr. John Stuart Mill, however, has left behind him some very valuable hints on this subject, which are especially interesting at the present time, when the question of Free Trade in labour has been brought to the front. A correspondent of the eminent philosopher has published a letter received from him in the autumn of 1868 on the ultimate results of combination and wages. At that time the unionists felt that their attempts to obtain higher wages by combination were being thwarted through their being undersold by foreigners. By way of meeting this difficulty, they thought of trying to include foreign operatives in their league—that is to say, they thought of organising an Universal Trades Union extending to all industries over the world. Mr. Mill writes:—"This seems to me a natural experiment to try, and the last experiment of combination for wages which remains for them to make." He then goes on to say, "and I desire that they may try it to the utmost, so that they may be convinced that, whatever they cannot accomplish in that way, they cannot hope to accomplish at all." It was Mr. Mill's opinion that "if combination to raise wages is confined to a few branches of industry, or is only successful in a few, the masters in those branches can indemnify themselves by raising their prices." In plain English, so long as the world is without its Universal Trades Union, the effect of successful strikes is not to give the workman a fairer share of the capitalist's profits, but to satisfy his claim for higher remuneration at the expense of the consuming public. "If," says Mr. Mill, "the rise of wages affected all employments equally, no capitalist could benefit himself by changing the employment of his capital, and he would be obliged to submit to lower profits." But the capitalist has always a fierce objection to submit to lower profits. Rather than do so he will drive trade out of the country by shutting up his mills or his factories, or he will demand the revival of Protection in a new guise, oblivious of the fact that he is a firm stickler himself for Free Trade in labour. Of course we are a long way off from the institution of the Universal Trades Union, that would enable the workmen to get better wages, at the cost of somebody else than that of the public. Still, should such an organisation ever be started, it may be interesting to record Mr. Mill's opinion as to the limit which can be set to its profit-reducing power. He holds that that limit will be reached when profits fall so low "as not to afford a sufficient motive for saving, and for exposing savings to the risks of business." Then, of course, nobody will save, because thrift would be synonymous with ruin. Above all, there will be no fund from which to pay wages; which, accordingly, will have to fall till they get so low that people will not find economy unprofitable.

We hope that the public, and especially manufacturers and traders, will not fail to notice a circular, signed by Mr. Rowsell, Director of Navy Contracts, but inspired, we may presume, by Mr. W. H. Smith, the First Lord. It is a frank confession of Departmental blunders, and virtually admits the truth of the hardest charges ever made by Mr. Cobden and Mr. Samuda with respect to the general inability of Government offices, and the Admiralty in particular, to buy or sell wisely. Mr. Rowsell owns that until the last few years the best firms have held quite aloof from Admiralty contracts owing to a reluctance to submit to the needless and embarrassing terms on which alone tenders were accepted. Thus they would have nothing to do with contracts "for such quantities as may be demanded," or for the supply of articles which had become obsolete in the general trade. The result was that the task of supplying the Admiralty with stores fell into the hands of commission agents and middlemen, to the serious loss of the public. Mr. Rowsell boasts that the department has turned over a new leaf, and that by direct purchase instead of advertising for tenders, by the insertion of arbitration clauses in the contracts, by the abolition of fines, and a preference for direct dealings with makers, they have managed to attract high-class firms. This is very creditable; but we wonder whether all the buying departments of Government could say as much for themselves. Take the item of printing, which is by no means an unimportant one. Is it not still the case that firms which would turn out excellent work at terms really cheap are sometimes repelled by offensive and impracticable conditions—such conditions, for instance, as that they shall not undertake any but Government work? We are glad to see that Mr. Smith is applying his large mercantile experience to the subject, and we trust that officials in other departments than the Admiralty will study Mr. Rowsell's circular, and question themselves as to whether they do not frighten away the best houses by imposing arbitrary and high-handed conditions.

We doubt whether the House of Commons would have listened as patiently as it did to the gaseous rhetoric of the Home Rulers if it had not been put in a good humour by the assurance that all danger of war was now at an end. If Sir Stafford Northcote's speech had prolonged instead of removing uncertainty, Mr. Sullivan's audience would have heard him in a different temper, when he declared that, in the event of war, England must expect no help from "the Irish land." Last Session the non-Obstructionist Home Rulers gained some credit by refusing to countenance the tactics of their more violent allies. All this they have deliberately thrown over. They reappear this Session simply as the tools of the Obstructionists, who have now retired to the background, and enjoy the sport of pulling the strings. The Obstructionists are now the Irish leaders, and consent to tolerate other Home Rulers only on the condition that they show greater energy in the employment of their gifts of oratory in Parliament. Mr. Mitchell Henry and Mr. Sullivan must dance to their piping if they are to retain the name of patriots. If these gentlemen, instead of outbidding Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar for Irish popularity, had had the courage to tell their countrymen what they must very well know, that the way to obtain the redress of Irish grievances is not by seditious threats and ungenerous taunts, they would have established a much better claim to the title. It is difficult to say which was the more unseemly spectacle—Major O'Gorman threatening to move the adjournment of the debate if the Government would not repeat what they had said again and again in unmistakeable terms; or Mr. Sullivan working himself up to a frenzy of theatrical excitement because the Irish Attorney-General, himself an Irishman, had dared to say that the English Parliament had ever passed any legislation for the good of his country.

Mr. Justice Lush, in charging the grand jury at the recent Assizes held at Swansea, referred to certain reforms in the administration of justice which are in contemplation. Among others was the extension of the jurisdiction of the Court of Quarter Sessions, so as to enable that

tribunal to try certain offences which can now be disposed of at the Assizes only. The object of this is to relieve the work of the Assizes, so that the Judges may devote themselves more and more to the trial of civil causes. It is true, there can be no possible reason why the Court of Quarter Sessions should not have the power to try cases of burglary and arson. It at present deals with offences of quite as serious a character. But, for our own part, we should hesitate to enlarge the jurisdiction of the Quarter Sessions until that tribunal shall have first of all undergone some very material changes in its constitution.

A gentleman who signs himself "A Policy Holder of Twenty-five Years' Standing," writes to the *Times* to complain of the arbitrary and unjust conduct of many Insurance Offices in respect of forfeiture of a policy by lapse. "I myself," he says, "have been a defaulter through simple forgetfulness, and by sheer accident discovered that the policy had lapsed. I know another case where the revival of the policy was absolutely refused under similar circumstances." Next day "J.W." writes to point out that as a matter of fact several offices will allow its surrender value for a lapsed policy, and that "Policy-holder's" charges are too sweeping. "J. W." may perhaps be right as to some instances, but it is equally matter of fact that there are many offices where the somewhat onerous conditions with which policies are always hampered are insisted upon to the letter, and where if the premium is even a day over-due, the policy is mercilessly forfeited. It is monstrous that for so small a default the whole provision which a man has been able to make for his family should be forfeited, and it would be but reasonable if, in behalf of the policy-holders, the Legislature were to insist upon the insertion into all policies of somewhat more equitable terms.

Lord St. Leonards used to lay it down as a rule of prudence to be acted on by lenders, not "to rely on mortgages apparently duly executed, and brought to you by the regular man of business of the borrower, to whom it has been delivered by your solicitor to get it executed by his client, the borrower." Careful solicitors usually are guided by this rule, unless when they are dealing with persons who are well known to them, and conformity to it would have perhaps prevented Frederick Dimsdale and his coadjutors from swindling the public to the amount of upwards of 300,000*l*. In fact, so many clever men of business were deceived by him, that we should like to know whether, in any cases, they were thrown off their guard by any unusually favourable terms offered by Dimsdale. The Judge has sentenced the chief offender to penal servitude for life, on the ground that, if crimes of this character are not stopped, the business of lending money on real estate or leases will become difficult and surrounded with doubts and uncertainties. This is an excellent reason for rigour: if the present system of conveyancing, which gives needless facility for frauds by clever, daring men, be the only one possible, the deficiencies of the law must be counteracted by inflicting the severest sentences on offenders. But we should have thought that a better way of preventing a repetition of the Dimsdale frauds was to create a registrar of leases and mortgages, and so to render it well-nigh impossible to borrow several times in respect of the same property. This is the true moral of the "lease frauds," and who knows but Mr. Dimsdale may prove to be a great law reformer?

The opinion of Mr. Robert Giffen, of the Board of Trade, and formerly of the *Economist*, on the question whether the country is growing richer, is of course well worth listening to, and, so far as it goes, it is highly reassuring. The national capital, as indicated by the income-tax returns, shows an increase of 44 per cent. during ten years, and he thinks that the community has acquired in that period three times the amount of the National Debt. We confess that we look with some distrust on these plausible calculations. They are a little too much of that imaginative character which used to mark the quaint arithmetical romances of the late Mr. Dudley Baxter. They are guesses at best, and we receive them with some respect only because they are made by a sound political economist. Unfortunately, Mr. Giffen's figures, if accurate, do not go beyond 1875. They leave off at the time when they would be most interesting. They say nothing of the period in which commercial depression has been chiefly felt. They do not satisfactorily explain whether the enormous difference between our exports and imports is ascribable to the efficiency of our capital and labour, or to the fact that we are virtually living on our accumulated capital. It is poor comfort to know that the growth of our wealth between 1865 and 1875 was unprecedentedly rapid, if this onward movement has ceased. At a time when the Queen's Speech expresses a hope that the "liberality" of Parliament will supply a loan or vote fresh taxes, it is highly expedient to scrutinise with some jealousy comfortable statements about the large "margin of taxation."

THE TERMS OF PEACE.

It is probably due to something more than an accidental coincidence that, on the very day on which the Queen's Speech was delivered, intelligence should have been received that the Sultan had addressed a personal communication to the Czar, requesting His Majesty to enter into direct negotiations for the conclusion of peace. Up to the last moment, hopes were doubtless entertained at Constantinople that England would intervene to rescue Turkey from her doom, but when it was finally discovered that the Royal Message to Parliament held out no prospect of any material assistance being offered to the Turkish cause, the Porte came to the conclusion that further resistance was useless, and that the one course left was to seek peace at the hands of Russia. The view that General Ignatieff continually impressed upon the advisers of the Sultan, namely, that the true interests of Turkey lie in a cordial alliance with Russia, has at last found acceptance with the Porte. It remains to be seen whether Russia will accept the proffered submission of Turkey. Unless, however, the Government of St. Petersburg is resolved upon the immediate overthrow of the Ottoman Empire in Europe, and has reason to reckon confidently on the co-operation of Austria and Germany, Russia will not forego the long-desired opportunity of reducing Turkey to the condition of a vassal State, dependent upon her favour for continued existence. If, as we see cause to anticipate, the personal overtures of the Sultan should be favourably received, it is not, we think, very difficult to form a forecast as to what the general conditions of peace are likely to prove. We may take it for granted that, if Russia is left to carry out her own wishes, she will keep three ends distinctly in view in any treaty she may think fit to conclude. The first of these objects will be to render her defeated enemy incapable of waging war with her again. The second will be to establish a state of things under which the authority of St. Petersburg will be dominant at Constantinople. And the third will be to hinder the creation of any independent Power strong enough to act in the future as a barrier between Turkey and Russia. So long as these main objects are fulfilled, it is probable that the susceptibilities, and, to some extent, the interests of Turkey will be taken into account in the terms that may be imposed upon her. In saying this, we do not wish to impute to Russia any intention of sacrificing the cause of the Christian subjects of the Porte, on whose behalf the war was avowedly undertaken. Russia, as we hold, intends honestly to improve the condition of the Christian Slavs, but she intends to benefit them after her own fashion, and in accordance with her own interests.

Thus, if our surmise should prove well founded, we doubt whether the territorial alterations in Europe on which Russia will insist will turn out to be as extensive

as the completeness of the Turkish defeat might seem to warrant. Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro will, doubtless, be declared independent States, and will receive some augmentation of their territories sufficient to compensate them for the military services they have rendered to their Imperial ally, but not of a kind to afford them any opportunity for development into States of first-class magnitude. Bulgaria, including under that term a considerable slice of Northern Roumelia, will be formed into a vassal State occupying much the same relation towards Turkey as Servia held towards its Suzerain before the outbreak of the war. Something, too, must be done for Bosnia and the Herzegovina. According to a report which has again gained currency, these provinces, if not actually ceded to Austria, are to be placed under her protectorate. It is possible that such an arrangement may be obligatory upon Russia in virtue of the Triple Alliance, but unless this should be the case, we should doubt Russia's consenting willingly to any considerable aggrandisement of Austria at the expense of Turkey. The more probable arrangement appears to us to be, that the two northern provinces, in common with Thessaly and Albania, will be left subject to the sovereignty of Constantinople, though in the former case stipulations will be made, under the guarantee of Russia, to secure some degree of autonomy for the Christian inhabitants. Upon this theory, Russia would claim no increase of her dominions in Europe, with the exception of the recovery of that portion of Bessarabia of which she was deprived by the Treaty of Paris. It is in Asia, and not in Europe, that she will look for territorial compensation. Even in Armenia we do not expect that she will propose to annex any very large extent of territory. The cession of the northern corner of Armenia, including Batoum, Kars, and possibly Erzeroum, would give her a commanding position in Asia Minor, while the actual area annexed would not be large enough to excite the jealousy of the Continental Powers, and would still leave Turkey in nominal possession of the immense territories bounded by the Black Sea on the north, by the Mediterranean on the west, and by Persia on the east.

The programme we have indicated is based, of course, upon the supposition that Russia does not deem it either within her power or for her interest to proceed forthwith to the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire. If, from whatever motive, her ambition for the time being is limited to a desire to reduce Turkey to a condition of virtual subjection, she may be expected to attach less importance to an actual increase of her territory than to the imposition of terms which would place Turkey at her mercy in the future. We may take it, then, for granted that Russia will insist upon a large pecuniary indemnity for the expenses of the war. And, as it is absolutely certain that Turkey is not in a position to meet any additional demand upon her impoverished resources, Russia may be expected to propose, as a security for the ultimate payment of the indemnity, the provisional occupation of Turkish territory, if not the surrender of the Turkish ironclad fleet. Indeed, looking at the respective positions of the victorious and the vanquished combatants, we hold it idle to suppose that Russia will now acquiesce in any treaty of peace which leaves Turkey in possession of her naval supremacy in the Black Sea. Whether that object be attained by the transfer of the Ottoman ironclads to Russia, or by their enforced sale in order to raise money for the purposes of the indemnity, we think it may be safely assumed that Turkey will not be left in a position to command the Euxine as her own waters in the event of another war. If once the Porte ceases to be formidable as a maritime Power, it seems to us that the opening of the Dardanelles to ships of war would be a very doubtful advantage to Russia; and, therefore, we should not be surprised if she were to propose that the Black Sea, if not the Sea of Marmora, should be regarded as a *mare clausum*, into which none but the vessels of the littoral Powers should be allowed to enter, and in which these Powers should only keep up navies sufficient for transport and police purposes. An arrangement of this kind is not likely to be objected to by Turkey if she once recognises the fact that her very existence depends upon the conclusion of peace; and, however unsatisfactory it might be to England, it would probably meet with the sanction of the Continental Powers. We do not pretend to say that the terms we have indicated are those which Russia will propose to Turkey. All we do say is that, if Russia is prepared to make peace on any conditions short of the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, there is no apparent reason why she should be content with terms less onerous than those to which we have alluded. Of course, if she has reason to suppose that the Neutral Powers would resist the imposition of such conditions by active intervention, she would probably be content with far less heavy concessions. So far, however, everything seems to show that Germany and Austria, even if they do not actively support Russia, will certainly not intervene in behalf of her defeated antagonist. After the Queen's Speech there can be no further question of England's going to war on behalf of the Porte. Under these circumstances, Turkey cannot well refuse anything which Russia chooses to ask. And as a fact, Russia would exhibit a moderation very little in harmony with her traditions, or, for that matter, with the precedents furnished by the annals of other conquering nations, if she should rest satisfied with anything short of the practical subjection of her prostrate antagonist.

THE NEW KING OF ITALY.

Now that Victor Emmanuel has been buried with regal pomp and state in the Pantheon at Rome, the thoughts not only of Italians but of all who take interest in the fortunes of the Peninsula must naturally turn to the new Sovereign who reigns in the Quirinal. King Humbert enters upon his reign with many advantages. Being now in his thirty-fourth year, His Majesty is in the very prime of life, old enough to have outlived the first exuberance of youth, and yet young enough to be able to adapt himself to the duties of a novel and arduous position. As the heir, not only to his father's throne but to his father's fame, as the husband of the most popular of the princesses of the House of Savoy, and as the father of an infant son who, if the fates prove propitious, is destined to bear the name of Victor Emmanuel III., the young King enters on his inheritance under singularly favourable auspices. The course of events has associated him with the crowning struggles by which the unity of Italy was consummated, without identifying him with the earlier chapters of the history of Italian independence. In 1859 Prince Humbert was still a boy; but in 1866 he was old enough to hold a command at the battle of Custozza, where he distinguished himself by the fearlessness with which he exposed his life. Throughout the later and more tranquil years of Victor Emmanuel's reign the Crown Prince necessarily played a subordinate part; and it would be as idle to attach any grave importance to the reports recently current as to his supposed political sympathies, as it would be to assume that the professions he has made during the first agitation caused by his father's death can fairly be taken as indicating the permanent policy of his reign. To all outward seeming, King Humbert is a true scion of his race; and it may reasonably be expected that he will not be wanting either in the ambition, the courage, or the practical insight into their own interests which have always distinguished the House of Savoy. For the present, at any rate, there is likely to be no important change either in the home or the foreign policy of the Italian kingdom. Even supposing that the new monarch should desire to introduce other principles of government than those which his father followed so faithfully—a supposition which as yet we see absolutely nothing to justify—the mere authority of Victor Emmanuel's memory will suffice to keep things in the old groove for a considerable period.

Now, according to all reasonable calculations, the

Papacy must become vacant at no distant time. Whenever Pius the Ninth is removed from the scene he has filled so long with his presence, a signal opportunity will arise for a reconciliation between the Church and the State in Italy. While the spiritual and the temporal powers were represented respectively by the Pope who had been brought back from Gaeta by French bayonets, and the King who had possessed himself by violence of the Papal States, no real compromise was possible. The memories of Castel Fidardo and Mentana stood between the victor and the vanquished. But with a King who has succeeded to the throne of Italy by legitimate descent, and with a Pope who has never ruled over any other territory than that of the Vatican, an understanding could easily be effected. There is no institution in the world more ready than the Church of Rome to accept accomplished facts, or to acknowledge the title of a *de facto* sovereignty. The Italian cardinals have always resented the influences of the foreign Ultramontane faction by which the policy of the Vatican has of late years been controlled. So long as there was any reasonable chance of recovering the territorial possessions of the Holy See, the native members of the Sacred College were prepared to resist to the uttermost any encroachment upon their power and dignity. But whenever it becomes clear that the Temporal Sovereignty of the Papacy is a thing of the past, the party in the College represented by the late Cardinal Antonelli will be eager for a compromise. The practical inconveniences of the present schism between the Church and the State in the Peninsula fall almost exclusively upon the Italian dignitaries of the Church, who are also far more keenly alive than their foreign colleagues to the dangers with which the continuance of this schism is fraught. If the occupation of a throne reserved by the laws of God to the successors of the Vicegerent of Christ on earth is an act of sacrilege, King Humbert is as guilty in the eyes of the Church as Victor Emmanuel. Yet the idea of excommunicating the new King for taking possession of the sometime patrimony of St. Peter has never been even mooted at the Vatican; and this fact alone is sufficient to foreshadow the change which is coming over the counsels of the Papacy. Whenever the Sacred College is called upon to elect a successor to Pius IX., the influences in favour of filling the Pontifical chair with a Pope ready to come to terms with the kingdom of Italy must be materially strengthened by the fact that Victor Emmanuel will no longer be the monarch to benefit by the surrender. On the other hand, King Humbert is not pledged, either by his antecedents or by his own declarations, to the same rigid resistance to the demands of the Church as was the case with his predecessor on the throne. Whether it would be wise to modify in any way Count Cavour's principle of "Chiesa Libera in Stato Libero," is another question. All we wish to point out is that a modification of this principle is facilitated by the change in the occupancy of the Italian throne. The quarrel between Church and State in the Peninsula has never yet assumed a theological aspect; and the Papacy and the kingdom of Italy have so strong an interest in establishing some *modus vivendi* that both parties are likely to make serious concessions for the sake of peace.

Indeed, if the early years of the new reign are to be seriously disturbed, we think the trouble may be looked for rather from political than from clerical agitation. Republicanism, happily for Italy, has with her been free from the taint of Communism. How far this is due to the physical conditions of the country, to the absence of any large manufacturing centres, or to the shrewd common sense of the people, is an open question, but there is no doubt about the fact that the doctrines of the International have never obtained any deep footing in the Peninsula. Even in their wildest days, Mazzini and his native-born disciples had very little really in common with the cosmopolitan revolutionary school: and ideas for the regeneration of society on a new basis find no favour with a people little prone to abstract speculation of any kind. On the other hand, Constitutional Republicanism of the kind rightly or wrongly supposed to be identified with M. Gambetta's views is very congenial to Italian ideas and sentiments. The traditions of the race and country are in favour of a Commonwealth, and the mere name of the Republic has a strange attraction for a nation which regards itself as the descendant as well as the successor of ancient Rome. Then, too, loyalty in our modern sense of the word is unknown to the great bulk of the Italians. Outside of Piedmont there is, and can be, no personal feeling of attachment to the House of Savoy. The reigning dynasty is justly popular, because its maintenance is regarded as essential to the independence and integrity of Italy; but it has none of the personal hold accruing from long identification with the fortunes of the country over which it rules. The personality of Victor Emmanuel, as the founder of Italian unity, gave him a special title which can but partially be transmitted to his successor. The great majority of Italians are honestly convinced that, under the circumstances of their country, a Constitutional Monarchy is the form of government best suited to their interests, and that the House of Savoy is better adapted than any other dynasty to fill the throne. But such a conviction is liable to be shaken not only by any shortcomings on the part of the sovereign, but by the course of public events over which he has little or no control. If foreign complications, or pecuniary embarrassments, or political agitations should try the strength of monarchical institutions in Italy, the present King cannot appeal to the same hold on popular esteem and affection which his father had won by the services of a lifetime. It will, we trust, be the lot of King Humbert to consolidate the kingdom which Victor Emmanuel founded. But it is useless to ignore the fact that the Monarchy exists as yet in Italy, not in virtue of any ancient tradition or established usage, but merely because at the time of her liberation the unity of Italy could not have been achieved under a republic.

OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

The proverbial ingratitude of looking a gift horse in the mouth renders it difficult to criticise the Queen's Speech from a Liberal's point of view. Taken by itself, the document from which so much was expected is utterly unobjectionable. The most ardent partisan of peace, as well as the most fervent admirer of Russia, could find little to resent in the cautious and colourless language in which the attitude of England in respect of the war is described and defined. Considering how much apparent reason there was to apprehend the issue of a bellicose manifesto or an appeal to the warlike instincts of the nation, it must be matter for congratulation that the Royal Message contains nothing calculated to excite popular feeling or to sanction any agitation for a modification of our neutral attitude. As we have never ceased to advocate the inexpediency of any kind of intervention in the war between Russia and Turkey, it would be unreasonable to blame the Government because they have followed the advice that we have tendered. It is not our duty to reconcile the seeming discrepancies between the language and the actions of Her Majesty's Ministers. If the whole matter were not so serious, it would be impossible to avoid dwelling on the ludicrous position in which the official supporters of the Ministry in the Press are now placed. For weeks and months past they have been uttering invectives against the opponents of intervention, on the ground that they were endeavouring to hinder the Government from advancing to the rescue of Turkey. Day after day, and evening after evening, we have been assured that Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues were resolved to uphold the interests of England at any cost, and not to allow peace to be concluded without British sanction and approval. Now, however, at the very moment when Turkey has been utterly defeated, the country is assured by Her Majesty's Ministers that the peace about to be concluded between the belligerents is due to the good offices of England; that so far no British interests have been assailed, and that even if

everything should not turn out quite as satisfactorily as there is reason to anticipate, the utmost that the Government proposes to do is "to adopt measures of precaution." The bluster, the declamation, and the claptrap appeals which preceded the delivery of the Queen's Speech have ended in this result—that, if certain undefined contingencies should take place, Parliament is to be asked, at some uncertain date, to vote a grant of unspecified amount, in order that the Government might be placed in the position to take hypothetical measures for a problematic object. And this is all that the Government even suggests that the country should do when the Russian armies are in full march upon Adrianople, if not upon the Bosphorus.

No doubt on the same principle that drowning men catch at a straw, the advocates of intervention will console themselves by the reflection that this contingent demand for a loan covers an intention to interfere, if needs be, by force of arms in the settlement of the Eastern Question. But whether such interference would be wise or unwise on principle, no candid observer can entertain any real idea that it is likely to be carried out in practice. The time has gone by when conditional assurances of combined action could produce any practical effect. To all outward appearance, the war in the East is very near its close. The Government themselves confessedly look forward to a "pacific solution of the points at issue, and a termination of the war." It is idle to suppose that, after this "pacific solution" has been arrived at, its terms will be modified by any "measures of precaution" which our Government may think fit to adopt. There is no arguing against the logic of accomplished facts; or, at any rate, if argument is possible, it must be enforced by other means than a vague intimation that there may be a point beyond which neutrality might be exchanged for action. To speak the plain truth, this demand for a precautionary loan is only in accordance with the tentative policy which the Government has pursued ever since the commencement of the war. They have never been willing to acknowledge that England was not prepared to fight, either directly or indirectly, on behalf of Turkey. In consequence of their reluctance to look facts in the face they have always endeavoured to maintain the semblance of a warlike policy, while at the same time they have invariably given way whenever the necessity arose for converting that semblance into a reality. The demand for a war grant at the present moment, and under existing circumstances, either means a great deal or nothing at all. England hitherto has not been accustomed to make barren demonstrations; and at any other period of her history the world would have assumed that the sudden convocation of Parliament in order to vote money for an increase of our naval and military forces was only the prelude to a declaration of war. Under the administration, however, of Lord Beaconsfield no such conclusion need be drawn. England has shown clearly that she has no intention of taking part in the war between Russia and Turkey. According to our judgment she is acting wisely and rightly in so resolving. But when we have once come, and are known to have come, to a resolution not to intervene, it is humiliating to an Englishman's sense of dignity to be called upon to assert by the mouth of his Government that under certain circumstances he might still be found equal to an indefinite emergency. The application to Parliament for a war loan is part and parcel of the policy which sent our fleet to Besika Bay, which strengthened the garrison of Malta, and which undertook the duty of mediation without authority. Indeed, the Eastern Policy of the Government can be best defined by the comment which Byron passed on Wilberforce's oratory of "words and nothing but words."

DOMESTIC POLICY.

In the most amusing among the so-called "Rejected Addresses," the ghost of Doctor Johnson gravely assures us that "the auditor who compares incipient grandeur with final vulgarity is reminded of the pious hawkers of Constantinople who solemnly perambulate her streets exclaiming 'In the name of the Prophet—figs.'" An anti-climax almost equally ridiculous awaits those believers in what may be called a sound domestic policy, who have followed in hope and faith the home legislation of Her Majesty's advisers. We were warned on Thursday morning last, upon a more or less inspired authority, that "nobody expects, or could reasonably wish, that a lengthy programme of domestic legislation should be proffered for a Session which must inevitably be devoted for an indefinite period to the momentous dangers threatening the national interests in the East." We accordingly find that, as might indeed have been expected, the programme of home legislation is only comparable for meagreness to the bill of fare of a Barmecide's dinner. Two measures of codification, the one consolidating the existing Factory Acts, and the other simplifying and expressing in one Act the whole law and procedure relating to indictable offences, are to be laid before the House. For the former of these we have no doubt to thank Mr. Cross, whose patience and assiduity are almost as marvellous as his common sense. The latter is no scheme for which the present Ministry can claim exclusive merit. For years past, the Home Office has had under the consideration of its permanent officials various schemes for the codification of the Criminal Law, and unless we are much mistaken more than one criminal code has been actually drawn up. The one which we are now promised will probably prove to have been drafted by Sir Henry Thring and his juniors, and to have been finally settled by Sir James Stephen. It will consequently have been carefully, minutely, and deliberately considered, and it is only to be hoped that it may pass into law. As for the promise that the attention of the House of Commons is again to be called to the question of the summary jurisdiction of magistrates, we confess that we gather from it but little comfort. We are not told what the measure offered is to be, or with what it is to deal. We may, however, be certain of one thing—that it is not likely in any respect to interfere with the functions, privileges, and prerogatives of "the Great Unpaid," and, inasmuch as nothing short of the appointment of stipendiary magistrates for counties and rural districts is ever likely to satisfy public opinion, we can hardly hope to see the question of the summary jurisdiction of magistrates finally settled in the present Session. Had we confidence in our magistrates, we need hardly trouble ourselves to determine the limits of their jurisdiction. On the contrary, the tendency would rather be to throw upon them additional duties and responsibilities. The jurisdiction, for instance, of the stipendiary magistrates in the metropolitan area is, like that of the County Court Judges, being perpetually increased, until at last the magistrates themselves complain, with no little show of reason, that they are overworked. We are not likely, however, to have, even from Mr. Cross himself, a Bill for the appointment of rural stipendiaries; nor would such a measure, even if it were introduced, have much chance of passing through the present House of Commons.

The *pièce de résistance*, undoubtedly, of the programme is County Government. We are told singularly little, but we are left to infer that some sort of a measure will be introduced for the formation of County Boards. In such a case everything will, of course, depend upon the electoral machinery that is created, and a County Board, if it is to give any satisfaction, must be directly representative of the county ratepayers. Should any kind of fancy suffrage be introduced, with the hope of securing to the landed interest what some people would call its "legitimate influence" in the management of county affairs, it will be better, upon the whole, that the measure should be thrown out, and, like other pressing home reforms, wait for its solution at some other date. Year by year it becomes more and more obvious that rural municipal government is inevitable, and that the heterogeneous functions at present

exercised by county magistrates, lord-lieutenants, and other such officials, must be consolidated, and placed in the hands of a representative body. The question, however, is one so important that, when it is settled, it must be settled thoroughly; and should Mr. Cross's measure prove unsatisfactory, it will, in our judgment, be the duty of the Opposition to resist it rather than to lend itself to an imperfect and unsatisfactory settlement. Indirect representation is worse than no representation at all; and if any complicated electoral machinery is to be invented, or any means are to be used to prevent County Boards from thoroughly expressing the wishes of the large numerical majority of county ratepayers, the measure will have to be contested. We may, for instance, be told that, inasmuch as rates are paid not *per capita* but *ad valorem*, the larger ratepayers ought to enjoy a plurality of votes; or we may be told that the principle of popular representation will be sufficiently carried into effect if County Boards are formed out of the existing Justices of the Peace on the one hand, and a certain number of representatives elected by the Poor Law guardians on the other. Neither proposal can be for a moment entertained. Either the County Board must directly represent the county ratepayers, or the existing order of things may as well continue a little longer.

Ireland and Scotland are but lightly dealt with. A Bill is promised for Ireland to amend the existing law of grand juries. The Home Rulers will, of course, use all their efforts to talk it out, and will be more or less supported by the other Irish members and by the Liberals below the gangway. Something is also said about intermediary education. No Government, however, in the fifth year of its existence, is for a moment likely to carry an Education Bill of any kind. If the measure is one of little importance, it need hardly have been mentioned; if of importance, we might almost as well be promised a Reform Bill, or something equally momentous. Two Scotch measures are also to be laid before the House. One of these deals with roads and bridges, and its object presumably is to abolish tolls and to substitute a rate or local assessment in their place. It was, unless we are mistaken, introduced last Session, and was strangled by the over kindness of a Conservative Scotch member and supporter of the Government, who placed upon the notice-paper something like 200 amendments. Something of the same kind will no doubt again take place; and it can, indeed, hardly be expected that, in the intervals of perpetual debate upon the Eastern Question, the House should find time to consider so purely parochial a matter as the abolition of tolls. We are also told that a measure is to be brought in dealing with Scotch hospitals and endowed schools. Should it be wisely conceived and liberally shaped, it will touch the hinge of the whole question of education in Scotland. Scotch grammar schools are at present frozen out between the primary schools on the one hand, the standard of which is creditably—if not, indeed, ambitiously—high, and the Universities on the other, the standard of which is discreditably low. Few of the grammar schools have more than a nominal endowment; but the endowed schools and hospitals in the large cities have revenues which, if properly distributed, would do much to restore intermediary education in Scotland to its proper place. Whether the Bill will set about this task in the proper way, and whether, if it does, it will escape the inevitable fate of a Select Committee, yet remains to be seen.

Some four years ago, it was complained of the Government that it was pursuing a policy in home matters, as in all others, of masterly inactivity. In answer to the charge, a large Conservative meeting was assembled at which an honourable member, now a Cabinet Minister, explained to his audience that the policy of the Ministry would be to devote itself to domestic matters, and more especially to sanitary legislation. "*Sanitas sanitatum; omnia sanitas*," is respectable and sufficiently sonorous Latin. The promise, however, which was then given has hardly been fulfilled, and this Session, at any rate, the programme of domestic legislation is poverty-stricken in the extreme. There are two questions, for instance, of paramount importance to the metropolis, if not to the nation at large—the creation of a metropolitan municipality, and the acquisition by the ratepayers of the existing interests of the gas and water companies. On each of these two points the Royal Message is silent. We did not of course even expect it to allude to matters such as the County Franchise, or the law of employers and employed. But when we think that what we are promised at the outside is a Criminal Code, a consolidated Factory Act, an attempt to deal with, if not, indeed, to defer the question of County Boards, and a little tinkering legislation on matters of detail for Ireland and Scotland, we can hardly check a grave smile at finding the Divine Blessing invoked upon labours so slight in themselves and so little likely to end in any substantial result.

HOME RULE AND OBSTRUCTION.

The Home Rulers have been "arranging their programme" for the Session. What their programme is, and how they have arranged it, we are not permitted fully to learn, for with commendable sagacity they transacted their little business in private. Hence they have been able to announce that their proceedings were delightfully harmonious. It does not concern anybody very gravely to forecast the probabilities of what the Home Rule policy may be, but as regards that section of its exponents generally called "the Obstructives," our minds—and we trust the minds of most sensible people—are tolerably well made up already. A policy of wilful and useless obstruction of the progress of public business is not to be discussed, for it cannot bear discussion. There has been enough of obstruction, and there ought to be no more of it. By the fatuous bungling of Ministers last Session, the conduct of public affairs and the control of the order of business in the House of Commons were disgracefully deranged. That blunder will not, it is hoped, be repeated. Those in whom the executive authority of the House has been vested have had time to see the magnitude of their mistake, and to decide on a wiser and a better course of action.

That course is not hard to find. No man or no set of men can be permitted to bully the House of Commons, and defy its authority. The House is the arbiter of its own dignity; it needs no appeal to any other executive to punish contempt of its discipline and defiance of its rules. The equity or the reasonableness of the demand for Home Rule for Ireland has no bearing whatever on an outrageous attempt to take the House of Commons by the throat. People who say that they will carry their point by fair means or by foul means, and try foul means first, can only be dealt with in one way, and that way is to treat them simply as brawlers, and, as brawlers, to put them compulsorily to silence. When a Member of the House, whether advocating Home Rule or any other principle or measure, wilfully and repeatedly outrages the decency of public debate, defies the authority which has been elected to represent order and to enforce its observance, and violently disregards all warning and remonstrance, that Member should be silenced, by a formal vote of the House, for the remainder of the debate. He should not be precluded from voting, for that would be to punish his constituency for the misconduct of their representative, and to deprive a number of electors of their constitutional right to a voice in the disposal of national affairs; but he should be excluded from further participation in the discussion. There would be no great hardship in this, as regards the offender, since so many of the most useful members of the House voluntarily refrain from speaking, and his constituents could not complain of being disfranchised. To shut up the mouths of the Biggars and Parnells, whilst continuing to them their right to take part in any division, would be the simplest way to checkmate the "policy of

obstruction;" the Serjeant-at-Arms being, of course, the last resort, just as he would be in the case of a disorderly or a riotous Member or stranger, who should insist on disturbing the order of the House, or insulting its president. It is absolutely necessary to draw this wide and clear line between Home Rule and Obstruction. To lump them together is doubly unfair. When brought before us, we must consider, even though we should finally reject, such a measure as those who advocate Home Rule for Ireland are always promising to bring forward, just as we must consider the Permissive Bill, the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, the Sunday Closing Bill, or any other vexed public question. But it is the first necessity of such consideration that those who ask it must prefer their request in decent terms and with an orderly demeanour. We must refuse emphatically to hold debate with rowdies. If the Irish members, or any section of them, are prepared to make a formal demand for an alteration of the system on which Great Britain and Ireland are at present unitedly governed, they are entitled to a hearing, but there must be no bullying and no threatening.

We hope that Ministers have also "arranged their programme" on this point, for the country will not patiently endure any renewal of the scenes of last Session. Home Rule may or may not be a visionary and delusive craze, leading those who follow it yet farther and farther from the true paths of national progress; but the attempt to enforce Home Rule by a "policy of obstruction" is an insolent and audacious outrage on the majesty of the House of Commons, and with such a policy there can be no terms made. It is but commonly fair to Mr. Butt to recognise that he has at least no active sympathy with the tactics pursued last Session by the tail of his following. So far, indeed, he seems desirous to conduct his agitation not only on Parliamentary but on strictly Constitutional lines. By his deference to authority, his recognition of the courtesies of debate—to say nothing of its decencies—and by his observance of that personal and general politeness which distinguishes a gentleman from a "rough," Mr. Butt has earned a certain amount of sympathy and consideration, even from those who regard his views as most mistaken and his policy as most mischievous. That he has entailed on himself a proportionate amount of suspicion and distrust from the pseudo-National party is a fact of which he must be fully aware, and at which no one who knows anything of the history of Irish political agitation can feel the least surprise. It is the old story. The repealer O'Connell falls before the party of action, the Young Irelanders; the Home Ruler, Isaac Butt, will fall before the impatience and the impracticability of the "Nationalists," who in their turn will be superseded by some as yet embryonic agitators, who will start some new chimera, and lead the unhappy sister country in her old pursuit of shadows, to the neglect and hindrance of all those substantial measures which tend to make a nation truly great and keep her prosperous. It cannot, however, be too clearly understood that Home Rule and Obstruction must be kept apart. We may concede deliberation on the first, but we cannot for a moment palter with the second. Home Rule must be overcome by argument; Obstruction must be put down by force.

CRIMINAL PROCEDURE.

In the last two numbers of the *Nineteenth Century* have appeared two articles, the one in December by Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, and the one in January by Mr. Wills, dealing, amongst other points of law reform, with the specific question whether prisoners upon their trial ought to be examined. Each article is, we need hardly say, carefully thought out, and the points in each are ably stated. Papers on law reform are usually written by gentlemen who have little or no practical experience of the actual working of the law. Law, however, like medicine, cannot possibly be mastered in theory, and, except on mere abstract principles of jurisprudence, no opinion on law reform is worth very much unless it come from a Judge, or a practising barrister or solicitor, or someone who has had long experience of the law, not as it exists in statutes, precedents, and text-books, but as it is every day administered in open Court. Both Sir James Stephen and Mr. Wills possess this experience in an eminent degree. They are practising lawyers of more than usual position and of recognised ability, and have, each of them, had no little amount of judicial experience both in civil and in criminal cases. They disagree, it is true, on the particular point in question. Sir James Stephen holds that prisoners ought to be examined; Mr. Wills thinks that they ought not. But although they thus differ in their conclusion, there is a singular unanimity between them as to the actual facts. It is only as to the inferences that they are in dispute. Each holds that many instances occur in which an innocent man is convicted who, if his mouth were not closed, would be perfectly able to clear himself, and to explain away suspicious circumstances. The commonest experience, Sir James Stephen thinks, shows that it must be a great advantage to an innocent and a disadvantage to a guilty person to be questioned in open Court, instead of being, as now, merely allowed to make a statement. "An innocent man may often find it very difficult to give an explanation of the various circumstances which make against him, if he is left to find out for himself in what respects they are suspicious, and is obliged to throw his defence into the form of a connected statement. The very fact that he is innocent will often make it difficult for a person to understand the grounds on which he is supposed to be guilty, and will thus make it far more difficult than it would otherwise be for him to give the explanations necessary to establish his innocence." Mr. Wills, on the other hand, although he admits that "there are cases, more or less numerous, in which an innocent man accused of crime must simply thirst for the opportunity of telling his own tale, and letting himself be subjected to the most rigorous examination, and in which the fact that he cannot do so must appear to him an intolerable hardship and a crying injustice," is yet, at the same time, of opinion that such instances are few and far between. The majority of prisoners, he thinks, are, when innocent of the particular crime with which they are charged, yet very much the sort of persons who would be disposed to commit it; they are at once innocent, and of more or less generally unsatisfactory life or character; they are ignorant; do not appreciate the force of circumstantial evidence; are untruthful; and their examination and cross-examination would do them, in his judgment, more harm than good. He is, however, thoroughly at accord with Sir James Stephen that if prisoners were examined fewer guilty persons would escape. Indeed, his objections, when summed up, resolve themselves into two—that at present an ignorant prisoner of unsatisfactory character has a better chance of escaping, if innocent, than he would if he were examined; that, in his judgment, it is impossible to examine upon oath a prisoner in chief without cross-examining him; and that although our Judges and possibly our Recorders and stipendiary magistrates might be capable of discharging this duty, the Chairmen and Deputy-Chairmen of Quarter Sessions, and the non-stipendiary magistracy especially, would use the power of cross-examination unjustly and mercilessly. It seems to us that on both these points Sir James Stephen has much the best of the argument. It is admitted that at present there are occasional instances where an innocent man of good character is convicted because his mouth is closed. This is surely a greater evil than that innocent prisoners of doubtful character and antecedents should be convicted because, upon examination in open Court, they prevaricate and quibble; while the fact that Chairmen of Quarter Sessions would use the power of cross-examination as an instrument of torture seems to us rather an argument for abolishing Chairmen of Quarter Sessions, and sub-

stituting Recorders in their place, than for retaining our existing defective criminal procedure.

As between Sir James Stephen on the one hand, and Mr. Wills on the other, the whole question very much resolves itself into this—that Sir James Stephen thinks that prisoners ought to be examined, and that Mr. Wills is of the same opinion, if only he could be satisfied that they would be examined in a proper manner, and not to their own prejudice. We are, in short, reduced to this position, that, if prisoners can be properly examined, the thing ought to be done. Mr. Wills sees practical difficulties in the way. Sir James Stephen takes a bolder and broader line. He is, in his own mind, certain that if the functions which in France are discharged by the Procureur-Général and by the Court, were in our own Criminal Courts entrusted, not perhaps to a Chairman of Quarter Sessions, but to a Judge, or Recorder, or a stipendiary magistrate, there would be no danger of their being abused. "Judges or counsel," says he, "who are harsh to prisoners, however vile, or cunning, or impudent, are as much in the wrong as a strong man who strikes a little child or a sick woman; and I think it may fairly be said that in this country, as it is, there is not much more reason to fear the one scandal than the other. I do not think there would be much, if any, real danger that any arrangement which might be made for questioning prisoners would seriously affect this noble characteristic of English courts of justice." We doubt if Mr. Wills would traverse this view of the facts. Indeed, unless we do him an injustice, he is at accord with Sir James Stephen as to what ought to be done, only that he does not see his way to do it, and so takes refuge behind an old dictum of Lord Mansfield, to the effect that a Judge "must not only do what is right, but must do it in the right way." It is clear, of course, that whenever a measure making provision for the examination, cross-examination, and re-examination of prisoners is introduced into Parliament, it will have to be laid before a Select Committee, by whose recommendation it will be determined whether its proposals are to be rejected, or whether, under certain limitations, they can be passed. It will be, of course, a most difficult question to determine by whom the examination is to be conducted. Mr. Wills entertains a very strong opinion that the Judge ought to take no part in it. With all respect for his long experience and undoubted legal knowledge, we venture to differ from him. It seems to us that the prisoner ought, before the magistrates, to be allowed to give his own statement, as he is at present, subject to the condition that he is liable to have it used as evidence against him. He ought not to be cross-examined upon it by the magistrates, because it is impossible to draw a distinction between stipendiary and non-stipendiary magistrates, and because, as Mr. Wills points out, non-stipendiary magistrates would inevitably abuse the power of cross-examination. When, however, he is brought before a competent tribunal—and by a competent tribunal we do not mean a Court of Quarter Sessions as at present constituted—he ought to be allowed to tender evidence on his own behalf. Questions ought then, we venture to think, to be put to him both by the Judge, by the jury, and by the counsel for the prosecution. These questions, however, ought not to assume the bullying, menacing aspect of an ordinary cross-examination. They ought to be judicial in their character; and to ensure this they ought to be reduced to writing, and read out to the prisoner by the Clerk of the Court. By this means the browbeating and intimidation of which Mr. Wills is so afraid, would be avoided; the prisoner would fall into no traps; and if, upon cross-examination, appearances went against him, the Judge, or an intelligent juror, would be sure to put the matter right. After all, the one object of all evidence is, as writers of text-books perpetually remind us, to arrive at the truth; and it can hardly be questioned that interrogation and cross-interrogation of the prisoner in a decorous and orderly manner is a course more calculated to arrive at the truth than any other. Common sense tells us that, if a prisoner is innocent, his first wish will be to be examined on his own behalf, and that, if he is guilty, it will be clearly to his interest to throw the onus of proof on the prosecution. We could wish that some private member in the House of Commons would introduce a bill upon this subject, and accept a reference of it to a Select Committee. What we want is, as we have said before, not the opinion of theorists, but that of experts. A Select Committee would have power to take the evidence of Judges, Recorders, and counsel in extensive practice, and would probably have little difficulty in arriving at a correct conclusion. We notice that in the Queen's Speech a measure is promised the object of which is to simplify and express in one Act the whole law and procedure relating to indictable offences. A Select Committee is the inevitable fate of such a measure, and it is to be hoped that, when the Committee commences its labours, this, the most vital question of criminal procedure, may not be passed over.

THE REVOLT OF MR. STANLEY JEVONS.

Rebels against intellectual authority should always receive a fair hearing. It is impossible not to sympathise to some extent with Mr. Stanley Jevons when he raises the standard of insurrection against Mill's Logic, and declares that, "for his part, he will no longer consent to live silently under the incubus of bad logic and bad philosophy which Mill's works have laid upon us." Mr. Jevons is quite right to decline to live silently under any incubus. For twenty years, it appears, Mr. Jevons has been "a more or less constant student of Mill's books;" for fourteen years he has been a teacher of Logic—the six years spent in preparation for this task is a proof of Mr. Jevons's conscientiousness—and he "has been compelled, by the traditional requirements of the University of London, to make those works at least partially his text-books in lecturing." Four of Mr. Jevons's teaching years seem to have been spent in comparative happiness; "some ten years of study" (including four years of teaching) "passed before he began to detect the fundamental unsoundness" of Mr. Mill's principal writings. But "during the last ten years the conviction has gradually grown upon his mind that Mill's authority is doing immense injury to the cause of philosophy and good intellectual training in England," and Mr. Jevons has writhed under a secret sorrow till he could contain himself no longer. It is to be hoped he is comparatively happy now that he has given expression to his feelings; but it is a pity that he kept silence so long; partly because he might have been less noisy when he did at last break out; and, further, because there was not the least necessity for his imposing upon himself this oppressive yoke of reticence.

When we read the bitter tale of wrong and heroic declaration of independence with which Mr. Jevons prefaces his attack in the *Contemporary Review*, we expected to find an exposure of many and grievous logical fallacies which Mr. Mill's disciples had been holding as an "incubus" over the youthful intellects of the country; and we were much surprised, as we read on, to discover that there is not a single tenable point in Mr. Jevons's criticism which has not been commonplace among teachers of logic and other intelligent persons for a longer period than the ten years during which Mr. Jevons has been devouring his heart in silent indignation. The bulk of Mr. Jevons's assault, which he describes as being "made directly against the citadel of his [Mr. Mill's] logical reputation," is directed against Mr. Mill's views concerning Geometrical Reasoning, and his analysis of the Import of Propositions. Now, both those parts of Mr. Mill's "citadel," as Mr. Jevons calls it, have been taken to pieces by Professor Bain, "a mainstay of the empirical school," one of the foremost of the disciples who, in Mr. Jevons's imagination, are tyrannising over the public in Mr. Mill's name, and fanatically upholding his doctrines as those of a perfect man. Mr. Jevons professes a great respect for the "vigour and logical consistency" of Professor Bain's "own proper

writings," and if he has read "his works on Logic," in which he says the faithful disciple "has unfortunately adopted too much of Mill's views," he will understand, or may after twenty years' study and teaching, the necessity of specifying which of Mill's views he means. There is not a chapter of Mill's Logic which Professor Bain has accepted without thorough revision and modification, which goes a good deal deeper than Mr. Jevons's pettifogging verbal criticism. Mr. Jevons deludes himself when he supposes that the citadel of Mill's reputation lies in minute accuracy of detail, or in the perfect consistency of all parts of his system; and he shows an amusing conception of the function of a teacher when he assumes that his whole duty is to cram text-books, with all their imperfections, into the heads of his pupils. It is Mill's distinction to have introduced new life into the study of Logic—to have issued a work of striking novelty, which has powerfully stimulated European thought, and influenced all subsequent writings on the subject. The publication of Mill's Logic is an epoch in the history of Logic; and this is why candidates for University degrees in Philosophy are expected to show an acquaintance with the work. None of Mr. Mill's prominent disciples, and, we venture to say, no University examiner, believes the work to be perfect; and Mr. Jevons may rest assured that if he has simply taught his pupils to repeat Mill's views *memoriter*—which he seems to have done for four years at least, if he does not consider it his duty as a teacher of the text-book to do so now—he has not qualified them to obtain the highest number of marks.

The conclusion at which Mr. Jevons has arrived, and which he exerts himself so clamorously to impress on the public, is that Mill had "an essentially illogical mind," this being the reason why he is now an "incubus." It is of little consequence to Mr. Mill's reputation whether he had a logical mind or not, so long as the fact remains that he has done more to set people thinking about Logic than anyone else for many generations. But it is worth while looking at Mr. Jevons's illustration of Mill's essential illogicality. We may reasonably suppose that he sets some store by the first that he puts forward, unless, as the subject is the definition of Religion, Mr. Jevons adduces it *ad invidiam*, and by way of representing himself as a champion of orthodoxy as well as essential logicality of mind. Mr. Mill, he says, gives two different definitions or descriptions of Religion, the "obvious discrepancy" of which nothing can "palliate." The two definitions are as follows:—

> The essence of religion is the strong and earnest direction of the sensations and desires towards an ideal object, recognised as of the highest excellence, and as rightfully paramount over all selfish objects of desire.
>
> Religion, as distinguished from poetry, is the craving to know whether these imaginative conceptions have realities answering to them in some other world than ours.

Whether Mr. Mill's definition is right or wrong is a question by itself; but, for the life of us, we cannot see any inconsistency between these two statements, and at first we were at a loss to understand where the essentially logical mind of Mr. Jevons had detected it. At first we supposed that, in his strong desire for strict logical accuracy, he had omitted the words "and desires" from the first sentence. But his own explanation shows that the process by which he arrived at the inconsistency was still more extraordinary. "I do not think," he says, in reference to an attempt to reconcile the two sentences of the context, "that any context can remove the discrepancy: in the one case the object of desire is an *ideal* object; in the other case the *craving*, which I presume means a strong desire, is towards realities in some other world; and the difference between ideal and real is too wide for any context to bridge over." A very pretty manipulation of words! Mr. Mill's phrase, "the craving to know whether these imaginative conceptions have realities answering to them in some other world than ours," is transformed, in passing through Mr. Jevons's essentially logical mind, into the phrase, "the craving towards realities in some other world;" that is to say, Mr. Jevons can see no difference between the craving to know whether a thing exists and the fact that it exists. The wish is not father to the thought, in Mr. Jevons's mind; it is the thought and the corresponding reality too. With what scorn must Mr. Jevons, proud in the essential logicality of his mind, regard the foolish old proverb, "If wishes were horses, beggars would ride;" and how he must chuckle over the absurdity of the last exemplification of it, "If wishes were logicians, Mr. Jevons would demolish the citadel of Mill's reputation."

But we must not do Mr. Jevons the injustice to pass altogether over the illustrations of Mill's inaccuracy derived from his logical writings. Did our space permit, we could cull from these two striking articles a rich variety of illustrations of the admirably refractive power of what Mr. Jevons "is pleased to call his mind." One must suffice for the present, but it is a big one, and is the *pièce de résistance* in Mr. Jevons's second article. In his analysis of the Import of Propositions Mr. Mill adopted five divisions—Existence, Co-existence, Sequence, Causation, Resemblance. Every proposition must have one or other of these five imports; it must affirm either simply that a thing exists, or that it co-exists with something else, or that it follows something else, or that it is the cause or effect of something else, or that it resembles something else. The classification is undoubtedly inadequate as a basis for the division of Logic into departments; and anyone who wishes to see its inadequacy fully explained cannot do better than read Professor Bain's discussion of the subject in his Logic. But it is not the inadequacy of the analysis that offends Mr. Jevons; his object in referring to it is to catch Mr. Mill in a verbal contradiction, and so to prove that his mind is essentially illogical. Mr. Mill, in this part of his Logic, says, in effect, that propositions affirming mere resemblance, such as "John is like James," "this colour is like that colour," are of very little importance. He is, be it observed, classifying propositions with a view to distinguishing the logical processes by which their validity can be verified; and he puts affirmations of resemblance aside because they seldom, if ever, can be proved by any logical process. They are matters of observation, and not of logical proof. But Mr. Jevons, catching up the words that Resemblance is of little importance, hurries off to Mr. Mill's chapters on the Inductive Methods, and there finds him maintaining that Resemblance is everything. Of these Methods, "the first is called the Method of Agreement; the second is the Method of Difference; the third is the joint Method of Agreement and Difference; and the remaining two methods are confessedly developments of these principal methods. Now," Mr. Jevons goes triumphantly on to say, "does Agreement mean Resemblance, or not? If it does, then the whole of the third book may be said to treat of a relation which Mill had professedly postponed to the second section of the twenty-fourth chapter." Here, indeed, is a marvellous illustration, not of illogicality on the part of Mr. Mill, but of obtuseness on the part of Mr. Jevons—obtuseness profound, stupendous, incomprehensible, after his twenty years' study of Logic. In the one place, Mr. Mill was speaking of Resemblance as a subject of proof, in the other of Resemblance as a matter of observation and a means of proof. He wrote for persons of average intellect, and did not consider it necessary to explain at the end of every sentence in a chapter what was the main theme of the chapter. That Mr. Jevons wants no such assistance in following a logical discussion we may be sure, but his essentially logical mind can discover no difference between proving an affirmation of Resemblance and adducing an affirmation of Resemblance for the purpose of proving a causal sequence. In Mr. Jevons's mind, the conclusion proved and the evidence which goes towards its proof are one and the same. And this is the "essential" logician who affirms that "there is no certainty that in Mr. Mill's writings the same line of thought is maintained for two sentences in succession," and has undertaken to expose "the disconnected and worthless character of his philosophy," and to "show

that there is hardly one of his more important and peculiar doctrines which he has not himself amply refuted." Mr. Jevons may yet succeed in showing all this, but he has not made a good beginning.

A CHAMPION BOAT-RACE.

We first hear of a champion sculler of the Thames in 1831, one Robert Campbell, a waterman; he held his title till 1846, and then gave way to Robert Coombes. "Watermen" in those days had a monopoly of professional boat-racing; their trade of locomotion on the silent highway is in these days practically at an end above London Bridge. People now hail a cab from a stand, or stop a 'bus, or take the underground railway, where in old days they used to seek the nearest stairs, and call for a wherry. Below-bridge watermen still ply, but the steamboats take the bread out of their mouths, and they are not what they once were. Technically, the modern leading scullers are all "landsmen"—*i.e.*, they are not watermen who are free of the river. They row races for money, but they have not the livery, and they may not ply for hire. To be entitled to do the latter, they must have served seven years' apprenticeship and pay fees. Henry Kelley was the last of the *bonâ fide* waterman champions who had been bred up to the trade from youth. J. Renforth, of Newcastle, who came after him, was a forgeman by trade, but took to professional rowing because, in his leisure hours, he showed an aptitude for it, and his friends brought him out and backed him, like an owner of racehorses does a Derby colt. Next came J. Sadler, once a chimney-sweep; he served articles of apprenticeship in later years. In 1876, E. Trickett, of Australia, came to England and beat Sadler, and the time-honoured title of Champion of the World was lost to England. Two other strangers had in former years tried for the honour—H. Green, of Australia, assailed R. Chambers, of Newcastle, in 1873, and Hammill, of America, tried against H. Kelley in 1866. Each of them were easily beaten by the English champions. Sadler was a wreck when Trickett beat him eighteen months ago. Englishmen did not seem to be aware that they had then three better professional scullers just coming into notice. One of them was J. Higgins, an ex-coalwhipper, and present English champion; another was R. Boyd, son of a Newcastle bargeman; and the third, and perhaps the most promising of all for the future, was T. Blackman, then a youth of nineteen years, son of a small Dulwich tradesman. Boyd and Higgins met for the Championship, in May last, on the Thames. The day was stormy, and Boyd had the sheltered side of the river, while Higgins was in a surf. The race under such circumstances was a farce; Boyd won easily, while Higgins floundered in waves to leeward. In October last Higgins turned the tables on Boyd, after a stern chase for half the distance. The Thames course, from Putney to Mortlake, the same as that over which Oxford and Cambridge annually row, is 4¼ miles long. On a good tide a sculler can do this distance in less than twenty-three minutes, a rate of nearly twelve miles an hour. But Thames tides are capricious in strength, even at new moons, and the fastest times over this course have, curiously enough, been done by men far below champion calibre. No champion race has ever been faster than 23 min. 15 sec. Eight oars can do the course in 19 min. 0 sec., on a really good tide, with no wind; the fastest race, however, for eights, was that between the Universities in 1873, when Cambridge, upon a tide two days short of a spring tide, took 19 min. 35 sec. The beaten crew, Oxford, were only three lengths behind them, and so were quicker than any other winning crew before or since; yet they were only second class; and this shows how capricious tides on the Thames are.

A racing boat of the present day would astonish bards who in old times used to sing of the "trim-built wherry." Outriggers of iron were actually used in the North so long ago as 1830, but there was a prejudice against them. In 1844, Harry Clasper produced the first outrigged racing boat, according to modern ideas. He reduced the beam of his craft, so as to make her cut the water more easily; and attached 8-inch outriggers to her gunwale, to give the necessary leverage for the oar. Since then boat-building has made rapid strides, and the boat of the present day requires as much of the talent of the cabinet-maker as art of the ship-builder. She is finished and polished like a drawing-room table; her fittings are more like those of a lady's workbox. A racing eight is some 58 feet long (five-and-twenty years ago 64 feet was the length), and she costs some sixty guineas. A sculling boat, for one oarsman, who wields a scull in each hand, is some 30 feet long, a foot wide in the widest part of the actual hull, and costs about fourteen guineas. The ends of all these racing boats are covered with water-tight canvas beyond that part in which the oarsman sits, else they would sink in a few strokes; their sterns run under water at racing pace, even when the water is smooth, and a ripple flows all over the canvas ends. Yet their water-tight ends carry them safely through waves on the tideway which would sink an ordinary open-decked pleasure "gig." A racing skiff for one person usually weighs about 33 lbs. The lightest of this sort that we ever saw was built some dozen years ago by H. Clasper, for his son, J. Clasper, the present well-known builder, at Oxford. She weighed under 25 lbs., with all fittings; but she was even too slender. She was lent to W. Sadler (brother of the quondam champion) for a watermen's apprentices' race. He only weighed 10 stone; but his weight broke her back soon after the start, and she collapsed like a jointed foot-rule. Since then builders have learnt that there is a limit beyond which lightness must not be sacrificed to stiffness. Sliding seats are an American idea; but Englishmen first put them into practical use in November, 1871. Now they are universal for racing purposes. There is much art in modelling the lines of a racing boat; there are as many theories on the subject, as those of "hollow lines" and "wave lines" in yacht building. One fact is, however, now recognised, and that is that the greatest beam, or width, must be more than half-way forward. This sounds curious. It would at first appear as if a boat built like a longitudinal section of a porcupine's quill would offer least resistance to the water. So she would; but she would hold no "way" (or impetus), after the stroke. All yachtsmen are aware that a spar tows lightest astern of a yacht, if the big end of it is foremost. This is a mathematical problem. The secret is, that a builder has to take into consideration two things—first, how he may best displace the water in front of his craft; secondly, how he may best replace water in the vacuum which she has left behind her as she progresses. If the latter is not freely done, the faster the boat is pressed the more does her vacuum behind her suck her back. The two exigencies have to meet each other half-way, and many builders do not fully realise this.

On Wednesday last Higgins and Boyd rowed their "rubber" match for the championship. The Tyne this time was the scene of action. The river is narrower, and the course shorter than that of the Thames, by three-quarters of a mile; but the Tynesiders are great enthusiasts in aquatics, even more so than Londoners. Many a cockney never dreams of boat-racing except once a year, when he buys a light or dark blue favour for a penny from a street hawker, and goes mad with the rest of the world over the University match. But hardly a crossing street sweeper in Newcastle would fail to point out to a stranger every aquatic celebrity of the Tyne, and if a London sculler visited the place he would be recognised at once and almost mobbed at the river-side. The rivalry of Thames and Tyne has run high ever since 1842. It is curious that rivers like the Trent and Severn produce no professional oarsmen, and hardly even a third-class amateur between them. The Clyde has sent out a good crew before now, and so has the Ribble. The Irwell once boasted a fair sculler, one Mark Addy, who has been rewarded often by the Royal Humane Society for saving life. "Walney

Channel," at Barrow-in-Furness, sends out a good second-class man, Anthony Strong, and, with these exceptions, the talent of oarsmen must be sought for on Thames and Tyne. This champion match, as being the deciding one of three, was looked forward to with extra interest. The winner is expected to be sent to Australia to challenge Trickett, and to make an effort to regain there the championship of the world. Newcastle was astir betimes, and the High Level, and the Redheugh, and the Scotswood bridges were soon besieged by spectators. The stakes were 200*l.* a side, the usual amount in such races, and there was a further trophy, a challenge cup given by the *Newcastle Chronicle*, to be won thrice in succession before a winner can claim it as his own. (Higgins has won this prize now twice running.) The arbitration of all disputes was left in the hands of Mr. J. Ireland, a member of the London Rowing Club, well known at Henley Regatta some twenty years ago. A fresh breeze blew, and Higgins won the "toss," and chose the more sheltered station. Boyd rushed off with a lead, and soon drew his boat clear of the London man, rowing in front of him in the sheltered water. By laws of boat-racing, each boat must keep its own course, or depart from it only at its peril in case of a collision. Higgins, though the smaller man (scaling 10 stone 8 lbs. to Boyd's 11 stone), has always shown the more "last" of the two, and, as usual, he began to tire out Boyd. He caught him up; Boyd would not get out of the way, and they came into collision half a mile from the start. The contest was then virtually over, and an interesting race was marred by Boyd's inexcusable conduct. Higgins's boat began to sink immediately after the collision. Those on board the steamer saw Boyd's hand manipulating Higgins's boat, and Higgins avers that Boyd deliberately broke his frail "skin" of cedar with his finger and thumb. Boyd thus got clear, and rowed on alone. It was an anxious moment for Higgins; he could not swim, his boat was sinking, the water was rough, and behind him some dozen laden steamers were drifting down on him, and their paddles' surf churning round him. Boats pushed off to his rescue. He got into one of these, and rowed it on to the end, so as to complete the formal distance prescribed by the terms of the race. The umpire then awarded him the stakes.

The race was hardly satisfactory; if Higgins had not shown himself so plainly to be the better man in October last, it would have been even less so. As it is, we may conclude that if Boyd had not been prematurely exhausted, and had thought that he possessed any chance of winning on his merits, he would have kept out of Higgins's way, instead of resorting to the forlorn chance of winning upon a foul in which he was obviously in the wrong. Let us hope that, since the superiority of the London man is now established, we may see him on his way to Australia, before many weeks have passed, to endeavour to wrest from the Australian champion, Trickett, that highest honour which once was indisputably the property of the mother country, but which now is held by one of her colonies.

SAINT OPPORTUNE.

II.

In like timely and adaptable manner with the proportions of her body did the singular virtues of the young saint continue a seemly growth and arrange themselves to her age, so that there was never noted in her the harshness and hesitation of change but her passage from childhood to the period of marriageable manners was of an impalpable steadfastness, like the blowing of a violet, which needs not to struggle from a concealing sheath, as the vehement daffodil, nor is suddenly transfigured from bud to flower, as the assured and conscious rose, but alters only from its unfolding to its unfolded self. There emanated from her an inspired unobtrusiveness peculiar to herself and yet undistinguishable in its nature, which no mere human sense could apprehend to imitate it, nor even to express it in words. It was said of her that she was a girl about whom it was remarkable that she never was remarked; and a local poet, desirous of including her eulogy in an ode in which he recounted the perfections of the admirable maidens of the neighbourhood, had to describe her merits by so many *nots* that a profound critic to whom he submitted the work convinced him that the picture would be yet more complete and resembling by its total omission. Everything she wore became her unconspicuously; everything she did succeeded sedately. She was never known to desire ambitiously, nor to fail in any desire. If she set a seed it came up at the seasonable time; if she went out in her third-best garments and bad-weather wraps, it rained, or at the least continued to threaten rain; if she joined a pic-nic party the sun never failed to shine.

In person she was of an agreeable beauty, not excessive at first sight but more apparent to those who beheld her constantly. She was considerably above the middle height of women, being always able to reach down things from topmost shelves and pegs, but a modest stoop, natural to her, made her look shorter than she was. She was of a mirthful disposition, but easily moved to tears and prompt to share sorrows. She was fond of hearing discourse and took great pleasure in observing skill of all kinds, but was indisposed for her own part to the practice of accomplishments. At need she could perceive a joke, but she made none. She joined little in such amusements as most young girls are eager for, taking more pleasure in seeing others whirl with their partners in the dance, or sport with them at out-door games, than in personally sharing in the pastime.

So greatly did her family esteem her virtues that they openly regarded them as a distinct manifestation of the design of Providence for her withdrawal from the world, thus giving to heaven the dower of her sanctity, and to them that dower of earthly coins which her marriage would require. Yet, to their infinite amazement, Opportune held back. Her eldest brother was so shocked at this strange indifference to her higher destinies and his own that he would have had her at once compelled to follow so manifest a vocation, but the father and mother, with a wiser faith, suspected in their supernaturally-endowed child's unlooked for reluctance the promise of a better issue than they could prepare, and resolved to wait a while. Nor was their trust misplaced. They were at that time, for the sake of the education and establishment of their children, living in a house they possessed in the principal town of their province, a place of great concourse, to which many youthful nobles resorted at certain times of the year, and where St. Opportune might seem to run every risk of so choosing and being chosen as to fulfil her brother's apprehensions. But in this, as in all things, she was protected by her miraculous infallibility. One day, as she chanced to drop her kerchief in the street, a sudden puff of wind blew it before the feet of a horse, who, taking fright at its fluttering, shied and pranced dangerously. Opportune gave a faint shriek of horror, but the horse was ridden by an expert cavalier and the street was thronged with an aristocratic and fashionable population. The expert cavalier was filled with pleasurable emotions which resolved themselves into affection for the young girl to whom he, with admirable deftness, returned her kerchief. He was at that moment setting out, at the head of his retinue, on his departure from the town, but, changing his purpose, he turned his horse's steps and rode back to his lodgings, which were fortunately not yet let. The next day he waited on St. Opportune's parents and demanded her hand. He was a neighbour in the country, and an enemy; he had never been able to forgive Opportune's father because a lady, to whom they both were suitors in their early youth married someone else, and recently he had manifested his enduring ill-will by secretly outbidding him for a piece of ground which not only he but his predecessors for generations had had it at heart to obtain, on account of its jutting interruptingly into their estate. He was of great rank, he was very wealthy, and he would accept his bride without a dower. But

the parents were uneasy; they had spoken of Opportune as the destined bride of religion, how could they command her if she should hesitate to wed this most unthought of suitor? They would have liked, at the least, to break his wooing to her apart, but they could ill refuse his request to have her summoned and with heavy hearts they called her to the consultation. St. Opportune heard in silence and blushes, then, bidden answer, timidly but frankly avowed that her suitor's gallant horsemanship had won her young heart. The marriage treaty was at once concluded, and the gratified old gentleman made her father a wedding-present of the coveted piece of land.

St. Opportune's career as a wife was the perfect accomplishment of the highest auguries of her youth. No matter at what moment of unpunctuality her husband came in bent upon his dinner, whether a quarter of an hour before time or three-quarters of an hour behind, the soup was steaming ready in the tureen, the boiled fish firm and flaky or the fried fish at the evanescent perfect phase of crispness, the joint done to a turn as he liked it, the entrées at their harmonious prime, nothing soddened, nothing hurried, all ready and right with no too much and no too little, according to the variable standard of the tastes of the master of the house. If her husband brought home friends to dinner, she unforewarned, there was to the fore without one moment's delay an exquisite dainty banquet nicely fitted to the number and humour of the guests and the host; if he came home in an economical mood and a moderate appetite, his dinner came before him in a chastened and refined cheapness, just enough for him without too much for anybody else, everything palatable and nothing betokening an ill-timed harshness. If he was inclined for conversation her ready ears were glad; if he wished for the calm repose of music, her fingers were fluent on the instrument while he dozed; if he displayed learning, she was proud of it and only wished she had been better gifted to understand; if he displayed ignorance, she never discovered it and was yet the prouder. In all things she was, as it were, his shadow made feminine, and her thought to-day was that which he had said yesterday or would say to-morrow. Only, because the frailty of human womanhood takes long, even in so high a saint, to be utterly purged away, she owned on her deathbed that she had taken it amiss that her husband ever most praised and most served such women as were least inclined to those virtues and humilities which he approved and which, therefore, she most possessed. Yet did she never so much as perceive this righteous severity, as of a man not too obsequious to his own beliefs, in her husband, until her perceiving mattered nothing to him, nor avow it except in repentance in her extreme hours, when, that her innocence save in this might be the more clearly known and for the warning of saintly women against her fault, it was good that her only, yet much and needfully lamented, shortcoming should be revealed.

She bore no child: a thing much to be regretted, for the worthiness of her example as mother might have been singularly profitable to women in these days, and who so fitly would have shown the valuable submissivenesses desired of mothers-in-law? But the world was not worthy of her child. No second woman such as she was needed; for she, as patroness and pattern, had in her all completion of woman's holiness; and for such a man men are content to wait.

Her withdrawal into a convent was of a piece with her whole life in its singular and miraculous fitness. Her husband, whose third wife she was, had a dislike to excess of maturity in women and much loathed the writing of it on the face in wrinkles, and she was beginning to show a wrinkled forehead. He had seen a damsel of pleasing aspect who reminded him of her in her fairer days. It was just then that St. Opportune felt, what all had foreseen, her irrepressible vocation for the convent. Her husband remonstrated; she wept and obeyed. But he saw her secret sorrow, her wasting, her pallor; he offered her her freedom. It was her truest desire, and she hailed his gift with joy. She took the veil, and he married the young girl who was like what she had been.

She did not live long in the cloister. A neighbouring convent lost a nun of great sanctity, who on her burial began working miracles. St. Opportune's convent, till then the leading one in those parts, was much mortified but saw no remedy. St. Opportune at once died and instantly worked a miracle. What that miracle was this investigator has failed to discover; but it restored the convent to its former supremacy and proved to all after ages the right of St. Opportune to beatification. It was of her that it was said, 'Tu vero felix non vitæ tantum opportunitate: sed etiam opportunitate mortis,' and this was the inscription on her hallowed tomb.

LITERATURE.

MYCENÆ.

A Narrative of Researches and Discoveries at Mycenæ and Tiryns. By Dr. Henry Schliemann, Citizen of the United States of America, &c. &c. The Preface by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. London: John Murray. 1878.

[*First Notice.*]

The large collection now exhibiting at South Kensington, which Dr. Schliemann unearthed at Hissarlik, as well as his great find at Mycenæ, are in themselves evidence of that gentleman's ability as an explorer. He was successful in business; his labour in that direction produced golden results; and he is equally successful when digging for relics of the past. Hissarlik gave up a large quantity of golden objects, and the weight of that metal found in the tombs at Mycenæ is said to be equal to five thousand sovereigns. As we do not believe in the present day in the Goddess Fortuna, we have to explain such triumphs by another kind of philosophy. Success, in the majority of cases, follows after a man of real ability. Dr. Schliemann's achievements cannot be an accident when they are gained in such widely different fields as that of a grocer's shop of our own day, and exploring among the dust and ashes of antiquity. Dr. Schliemann is credited with a large measure of enthusiasm; this and his practical turn of mind make him an energetic and successful worker in the field of archæological exploration; but it will most likely be recorded, in the end, that the enthusiasm which produces such splendid tribute from the past is just that very qualification which unfits the man from becoming an archæologist of the first authority. He is not content with finding gold objects at Hissarlik—these objects must have belonged to the king of the place, and the spot they were found in must be that monarch's palace. Whoever reads this newer work on Mycenæ will see the same enthusiasm running wildly over a like course. No sooner were the tombs within the Agora discovered than he telegraphed to the King of Greece that they were those of Agamemnon and his companions killed by Ægisthus, and the nearest walls to the spot were by the same enthusiastic power transformed into the remains of the palace of the Atridæ. Dr. Schliemann's "finds" will undoubtedly be of the greatest benefit to archæology, but his own conclusions respecting them are not likely to be those which will finally maintain themselves. This explains why he has been received with such small favour by his own countrymen, and it gives the reason of his coming to another land in search of honour; and here again he must be credited with all the success of an explorer, for he has found fame, and been fêted as one of the principal lions of the past season.

One of the causes which led to a ready acceptance in this country of Dr. Schliemann's supposed discovery of the relics of Priam and Agamemnon, was the reluctance which many here feel to enter into the newer theories about the authorship of the Iliad, or to investigate the doubts which have arisen as to the mythical nature of the tale of Troy. Mr. Gladstone has declared himself to be thoroughly conservative in this field of speculation, and refuses to move on. Dr. Schliemann

comes to him, and to those who are influenced by such tendencies, and is naturally received with open arms as an ally. The Doctor says—"I have always firmly believed in the Trojan War; my full faith in Homer and the tradition has never been shaken by modern criticism, and to this faith of mine I am indebted for the discovery of Troy and its treasure." This faith, which is not shaken by modern criticism, enthusiastically jumps to the conclusion that the Ilium of Homer has been found; and by the old process of reasoning in a circle, the truth of Homer, as a realistic historian, is affirmed because Troy has been brought to light. Dr. Schliemann is most ardent in asserting ('Mycenæ,' p. 334), that the historical accuracy of Homer was never doubted in the days of antiquity. Now if Thucydides had no doubts, others did entertain them. It is clear that Herodotus was not certain of the story, and more than a century before him we have the account of Stesichorus, who, on renouncing the literal interpretation, and accepting an allegorical one, recorded his recantation in very distinct words:—

> False was my tale; thou ne'er across the main
> In beauteous ships didst tly, Troy's lofty towers to gain.

This denial of one of the essential facts on which the story of the Iliad is founded belongs in date, according to the authorities, to the sixth century B.C. The study of myths in the present day is leading again to doubts respecting the tale which has descended to us under the name of Homer; and the students of these questions find in Dr. Schliemann and Mr. Gladstone two persevering "obstructives," who stand in the way of progress. In words, without the slightest reservation, the discovery of Agamemnon's tomb is declared; and by means of a preface to the declaration, Mr. Gladstone does his best to second the effort of making people accept this very startling conclusion. As the point has such an important bearing on the subject of comparative mythology, it is important to see if the evidence adduced is at all sufficient to justify such an assertion.

There are some structures at Mycenæ, known under the name of "Treasuries," but which are in reality old tombs. The most important of these must have been, before it was rifled and destroyed, a very gorgeous monument. The great domed chamber, nearly 50 feet in diameter, was covered with brazen plates, and the entrance contains evidence that it was encrusted with marbles of various colours, and probably with metallic decoration. The wealth of ornament upon it would indicate that this tomb must have belonged to some of the Argive monarchs, and, consequently, it has been by many called the Tomb of Atreus and the Tomb of Agamemnon. With the exception of a quotation from a Greek newspaper, in which the word "Tomb" is used, Dr. Schliemann ignores their having received this character. There is an evident art in this silence on the part of the explorer, because anyone who realises what the two principal of these structures are, would at once say that they were most probably the tombs of the Royal House of Mycenæ, and that the graves discovered by Dr. Schliemann in the Acropolis are unimportant in comparison. Hence the reason, that, although Gell, Fergusson, and Newton, as well as the German archæologists, have declared them to be tombs, our author keeps the fact in the background. Strange to say, Mr. Gladstone, judging by his preface, also ignores the fact that these structures have been declared by so many of our best authorities to be sepulchral. Does he thus blindly accept the teaching of Dr. Schliemann? In the first letters which appeared in the newspapers from Dr. Schliemann, he stated that there were nine Treasuries: now (p. 39, see also plan D), the number is given as five. This agrees with the tombs mentioned by Pausanias. In the description of Mycenæ, given by that author, there is nothing by which it can be determined whether these tombs were within the wall of the Acropolis or not. It was impossible he could have seen the tombstones within the Agora. Dr. Schliemann admits this important point (p. 102), hence we must come to the conclusion that the five so-called Treasuries are the monuments which, in the days of Pausanias, were accepted as the traditional tombs of Agamemnon and his companions. Such being the case, the late discoveries at Mycenæ, whatever may be their bearings, do not add to our knowledge of the accuracy of the Homeric tale, if Agamemnon was a real historical character. No addition to the evidence on the point has been revealed by the work just published. In it, as well as in Dr. Schliemann's former writings, there is a constant appeal to tradition. Now the traditional tomb of Agamemnon at Mycenæ (it ought also to be remembered that Pausanias mentions another at Amyclæ, lib. iii., c. 19)—has been the principal Treasury at that place, and in its day must have been one of the grandest monuments of early Greece. It might be asked what would be the historical value of finding the name of a poetic hero attached to it? Dr. Schliemann does not find the name of Agamemnon attached to the graves in the Agora of Mycenæ. He attempts by a forced reading of Pausanias to make it appear that they are the tombs that that author refers to; but seeing they were buried beneath the accumulations of centuries when he wrote, the reasonable conclusion would be that they were as unknown then as they have been in our own day. Even if we suppose that Pausanias saw the tombs, or that the inhabitants still retained the memory of their existence, and that the spot was pointed out to him, which is the Doctor's theory (p. 343), still, one naturally asks, what would be the value of such evidence? If we are to accept traditions as credible because the names of heroes have come down to us attached to monuments, the rule will certainly simplify many of our most puzzling questions, and Dr. Schliemann will stand high as an authority in the new school of historical science.

Giving up this short and easy method of archæology, it becomes necessary to return to the slower and more difficult process of minute investigation and comparison. The tombs which have lately been laid open in the Acropolis of Mycenæ present a difficult problem. It would be highly important if their date could be determined. Archæologists of repute have suggested opinions, but there has been a great discrepancy among their views. From the heroic age to the mediæval period is a wide step, and yet the efforts at guesses have extended to these limits. The facts upon which the question depends are as yet far from numerous, and more research and comparison are required before anything certain can be presumed. One thing is clear enough—that is, the very remarkable differences between this newly-found sepulchre and the five Treasury Tombs. The principal one of these last had a walled approach leading up to its highly-decorated entrance; along this processions might pass to perform the funeral rites due to the dead, for which the large-domed chamber, covered within with bronze, was no doubt used. Sophocles (*Antigone*, 946) describes a brazen sepulchre of this kind. There is another mention of a brazen sepulchre, by Pausanias, II., xxii. The smaller Treasuries at Mycenæ are, without doubt, the early type which got developed. From them it appears that the tumulus was the origin of these monuments. The tombs discovered by Dr. Schliemann do not, according to the descriptions of them, possess any of the features thus described. There was no approach, no vaulted chamber, not even a cell for the bodies, and the Agora above seems to preclude the idea of a tumulus. They were simply pits sunk downwards. The contrast to the fine Treasury Tombs is remarkable. The most probable explanation is that of a difference of date, or a difference of race, and perhaps also of religion. The ancient dome-formed Topes or Dagobas of India tell us of a faith in which cremation was the rule, and how, in the case of Buddha and of holy persons, fragments of the body remaining in the ashes were preserved as relics, and large and costly shrines were constructed to contain them. The magnificent tombs at Delhi and Agra tell us, again, of a race which invaded India at a later period, who did not practise cremation, who did not worship relics, and who brought their own faith and religious rites along with them. If such events took place in India, the same may have occurred in Greece. If we had more knowledge of the early history of Mycenæ, we

might possibly speculate with more certainty, and be better able to account for the very remarkable differences which have been noticed in its tombs.

An invasion and occupation of the Argive Land at some early period would undoubtedly be the most probable way of accounting for the graves in the Acropolis of Mycenæ. Mr. Murray, in the *Academy*, Dec. 19, 1877, has already made a suggestion of this kind, and it is said to have been received with favour by the learned in these matters. It is founded on a comparison of the Mycenæ graves with a famous ancient burial-place at Hallstadt in Austria, described by Edward Freiherr Von Sacken, where the mode of interment coincides in a very remarkable manner. There is also a very striking identity in some of the gold objects found at these places. Mr. Murray refers particularly to the lozenge-shaped buttons represented in 'Mycenæ' (pp. 258-9); the force of which lies in the fact that as yet no such forms have turned up among classical antiquities. Dr. Schliemann himself (p. 277) points out a very marked resemblance between his own find and that of Hallstadt; it is, that large copper vessels were found in both. The funeral rule, so far as we find it exemplified in the description of Homer, was that of cremation, and in the case of heroes the ashes were collected and placed in a vase. The Scythians and some of the northern races did bury the body, the corpse being often doubled up, not by accident but by intention. Herodotus (iv. 190) states that the Nasamonians inter their dead in a sitting posture, "after the manner of the Greeks." The bent position of the bodies at Hallstadt and Mycenæ may be only an additional illustration of this custom, and it may also form another piece of evidence in favour of Mr. Murray's proposed theory.

The discussion raised by the laying bare of these tombs in the Acropolis of Mycenæ will lead to much more attention being directed to the subject. Every detail of pre-historic monuments of the sepulchral kind, as well as references to ancient funeral rites, will become more valuable in relation to archæology, and some solution of the difficulties need not be considered impossible. Dr. Schliemann is not only stirring up the dust of past ages, but he is at the same time stirring up the thoughts of all serious students, and opening up new fields of enquiry which we may be sure will be followed by successful results.

The tombs are in the ancient Acropolis near to the Gate of the Lions. Early in Dr. Schliemann's operations two concentric circles of stone slabs were brought to light; there was a space of about three feet between the circles, and there seems to have been a series of slabs laid across between the two, the whole forming a stone bench in the form of a ring, about 100 feet in diameter. On the north, at the point of the circle nearest the Lion Gate, there was an entrance to this structure. Dr. Schliemann at first supposed that the slabs were tomb-stones, but it is now accepted that the enclosure was the ancient Agora of the town. From Euripides we know that the Agora of Mycenæ was in the form of a circle (*Orestes*, 919). There are numerous references to the form of the Agora in the Greek writers, which indicate that it was circular in shape; but it is quite a new thing to have unearthed one. In an archæological sense this is perhaps the most valuable of all Dr. Schliemann's discoveries. There are suspicious doubts about the mud walls of Hissarlik not being the Homeric Ilium, and our author, as well as Mr. Gladstone, has completely failed to perceive that the sepulchral character of the Treasuries is decisive, as bearing even upon what was considered the traditional tomb of Agamemnon, so that these are anything but reliable finds; but regarding the circle, on the other hand, it seems that none of the authorities object to the theory that this is an original Greek Agora. With the exception of the Pnyx at Athens, no such relic of the past was known. The Roman Forum under the Capitol is familiar to everybody, but the "circle" in which the old Greek chiefs or elders met to consult about public matters was only guessed at from the slight allusions to be found to it in books. These stone slabs were all smoothly chiselled, and the top stones were fitted with mortises, the whole forming a well-constructed circular seat for the functionaries to sit upon. With this slight description of it, we can see that it serves to illustrate Homer. In the eighteenth book of the Iliad is the well-known account of the shield made by Hephæstos for Achilles, and one of the groups which forms the subject of a decoration is that of a trial within an Agora. It is described as a "sacred circle" of smoothed stones. Mr. Gladstone has given it thus:—

> . . . On chairs of polished stone,
> Ranged in venerable circle,
> Sat the Elders.

If Flaxman were now at work on his shield, he would have had something reliable to work from for this part of his subject. At p. 125 there is an illustration of this primitive bench, with one of the elders sitting upon it.

Another very important question arises as to whether the Agora or the tombs are the oldest? Were the bodies buried in that public place as an honour, or were the graves sacred, and the Agora constructed over them as upon a consecrated spot? Dr. Schliemann adopts the theory implied by the last question. "At all events, the Agora appears to have been erected in honour of those who were buried in the five sepulchres, but evidently at a later period" (p. 340). He infers this from the careless architecture of the Cyclopean Wall which supports the western portion of the circle. As this supporting wall contains "wrought flat slabs" (p. 88) and also "small stones joined with earth" (p. 116) its character as deserving to be called "cyclopean" is very doubtful, and its comparative lateness in relation to the wall of the Acropolis may be accepted as determined. The thin slabs of the circle above the mortises revealing the secret that they are an imitation of wooden construction, tends to confirm the idea of a modern date. Still, we are not much nearer the solution of the problem, for the circle yet standing may have been the repetition of an older one. Its position within the Lion Gate, and overlooking the town, would no doubt cause the spot to have been selected as the place of assembly very early in the history of that city. It is a pity that such an elaborately illustrated work has not more minute plans and sections of this monument, so that a clearer idea of it might be formed. The wall supporting one part of the circle seems, according to the description, to lean inwards, suggesting that the idea of a mound was intended; if so, then the tombs may have been the starting-point, and their great antiquity would be established. All that can be said is that, in spite of the large contribution to our knowledge in the handsome volume under consideration, more information is yet required.

ANCIENT SOCIETY.

Ancient Society. Researches in the Lines of Human Progress from Savagery, through Barbarism to Civilisation. By Lewis H. Morgan, LL.D. London: Macmillan and Co.

Mr. Morgan, in this work, traces with much precision the history of society from the early period at which, as he tells us, "community of husbands and wives within prescribed limits was the central principle of the social system," down to the comparatively recent times which superadded to monogamic marriage monarchical government and parochial taxes. He has not begun with the history of man at the very beginning, when men and their womankind lived together promiscuously—that social state, though he is sure of its existence, having left no traces which even he can follow up. Man, when Mr. Morgan begins with him, was "more married" than he has ever been since; and Mr. Morgan sets forth the successive devices by means of which the "stupendous" burden of the married state as it was originally was gradually reduced until it became the comparatively tolerable thing with which we are familiar. The history of forms of government is also explained by him, and, as he states it, it is a much simpler affair than the history of the family. Society began upon democratic principles (such as are now professed in the United States of America), and it nowhere proved false to them until

the beginning of the historical period. Then all at once Monarchy somehow established itself, and aristocracies were created in a morning. When man can first be clearly traced, according to Mr. Morgan, he was a member of a Consanguine family. A large number of brothers and sisters, own and collateral—or, to speak in plainer terms, a number of sets of male and female cousins—were then living together in conjunct marriage, all the men being husbands of all the women, and all the women wives of all the men. These relatives had married, he tells us, "in a group," so that if the yoke of matrimony was heavier than they could bear the fault must have been all their own. It proved, it seems, too much at last, and the Pŭnalŭan family was devised to make things pleasanter. We confess to not quite understanding the process by which the one family was developed from the other, though Mr. Morgan seems to think it a simple matter. "Given the Consanguine family," he says, "which involved own brothers and sisters, and also collateral brothers and sisters, in the marriage relation, and it was only necessary to exclude the former from the group, and retain the latter, to change the Consanguine into the Pŭnalŭan family." Our difficulty is to see what would remain if, out of a group made up of several sets of people, those in each set being own brothers and sisters, and being cousins of all the other sets, one were to take all the own brothers and sisters. But this is a trifle, and what the Pŭnalŭan family was we understand perfectly well. It consisted of a number of men of common descent—brothers and cousins, all calling themselves brothers—with their wives; or else of a number of women of common descent—sisters and cousins, all calling themselves sisters—with their husbands. The men and women did not, in this case, marry in a group—at any rate, though the matter is not quite free from doubt, that seems the better opinion; but a man got a wife and took her into his group, or a woman got a husband and took him into her group, as the case might be—which done, all of the group lived together as joint husbands and wives. From a modern point of view, the Pŭnalŭan family was an improvement upon its predecessor, though it can hardly have done much towards contracting the limits of matrimony; and it had the more unquestionable merit of preparing the way for something better still. It is only the second form of it, however, that contained within it the elements of an advance; the first was really good for nothing, and can only be classed among man's failures.

But the Pŭnalŭan family, in its second form above described, is ever to be gratefully remembered, for it contained within it the germs of that out of which, in fulness of time—we speak advisedly—human ingenuity constructed the Gens. The Gens, as everybody knows, consisted of people connected with each other through acknowledged blood-ties, so that it was what in English is called a clan or tribe of descent. But Mr. Morgan has discovered that it was an organisation planned for a purpose, the purpose being to prevent marriage between those who were considered to be blood-relations. It is the institution out of which all subsequent institutions of social rule and government have sprung; but Mr. Morgan has found out a social organisation older than it, to the unknown framers of which we all perhaps owe something. This was an organisation of society on the basis of sex. In practice it was not very different from the Pŭnalŭan family; but, under it, co-husbands were all reputed brothers (that is, brothers and cousins), and co-wives all reputed sisters (sisters and cousins)—the husbands and wives, of course, not being each other's brothers and sisters; and, besides, it was an organisation and not a family. It also contained the "germinal principle" of the Gens, which has actually (that is, our authority says so) been produced out of it among some tribes of Australians; and, in Mr. Morgan's opinion, there is a probability that it formerly existed wherever the gentile organisation has prevailed. It was a division of society into classes of men and classes of women with a view to the regulation of marriage. One class of men and one class of women were allowed to intermarry, or, rather, they had no choice, being absolutely cut off from alliances with persons of all other classes; and two classes which could marry one another married in a group. This organisation sprung out of the Consanguine family, and the object of it was to prevent the marriage of brothers, real or reputed, with their real or reputed sisters. Considering that the members of a Consanguine family were all real or reputed brothers and sisters, the framers of the classes must have had a knotty problem to deal with. It was solved somehow. Mr. Morgan unkindly does not tell us how, and we are not ourselves clever enough to guess how it was done. The organisation, however, may have everywhere preceded the Pŭnalŭan family, and it must have done so if it everywhere preceded the Gens, because the Pŭnalŭan family also was capable of giving rise to the Gens. Of the manner of production of the Gens out of the precedent organisation it is necessary to speak cautiously, for here our authority is cautious, and, if truth must be said, seems to be "hedging." He tells us that "the natural adaptation of the classes to give birth to the Gens is sufficiently obvious," but he carefully does not commit himself to the view that the Gens grew out of the classes. This, of course, would be contradictory of his real opinion, already stated, that the Gens was an organisation devised for a purpose. That opinion, formed after careful study of all that is known about Gentes, he holds very strongly. He regards the Gens as a device which occurred to some band of exceptionally ingenious savages, and such a triumph of ingenuity does it seem to him that he thinks it cannot have been hit upon more than once in the history of man, and accordingly sees in its extensive—almost universal—prevalence a striking argument for the unity of all mankind. But so many new views, all wonder-exciting, make the head reel, and it is time to pause and reflect.

Perhaps some people may think that the work which we have been summarising is a quiz upon the anthropologists—among whom, to be sure, are many foolish heads—but, if they do, they are completely mistaken. Mr. Morgan's book is a long, elaborate, and very serious performance. If it be asked where he has got the extraordinary notions, which—evidently with the most perfect faith in them—he has put before the world, the answer is a short one. They are the coinage of his own brain, merely monstrous fancies, equally unsupported by facts and by probability. To himself there seems nothing extraordinary about them. Thus he says of the Consanguine family, that it is "neither unnatural nor remarkable." But to other people it cannot fail to seem a remarkable family; and he admits that he has not found anything like it in nature, even among the lowest savages. No more has the Pŭnalŭan family, or anything approaching to it in character, been anywhere, at any time, found existing. Here is what sufficed to give the suggestion of it to Mr. Morgan—a few lines in a letter which he got in 1860 from the Sandwich Islands. "The relation of Pŭnalŭa," said his correspondent, "is rather amphibious. It arose from the fact that two or more brothers with their wives, or two or more sisters with their husbands, were inclined to possess each other; but the modern use of the word is that of dear friend or intimate companion." Now, clearly, in the former branch of this sentence, the writer did not write of what was within his own knowledge; and he may only have been making a guess, puzzling, as he was, over some facts he was communicating to Mr. Morgan. And, at the most, he spoke of what people were inclined to do; not of a thing done upon system, as a matter of course, in compliance with a customary rule. He did not say that the two or more brothers were co-husbands, or the two or more sisters co-wives; he did not go beyond affirming that there had been licence between near connexions, which it is possible enough there may have been. The Pŭnalŭan family, however, consisted not of "two or more" brothers or sisters, living in licence together with their wives or husbands, but of an indefinite number of men, or of women, of the same kindred, all living in conjunct marriage with such women or men, as the case might be, as they were

able to bring into their group. The organisation on the basis of sex, again (though an organisation and not a family), greatly resembles the Pŭnalŭan family, and if Mr. Morgan had not discovered the latter, it may be assumed that it would never have been heard of. It is, of course, the more incredible of the two, inasmuch as, to accept it, we must believe that, in an extremely rude social state, organisers were able to go to work and mould society according to their views.

Mr. Morgan believes in the Consanguine family, purely because he thinks he can, by means of it, explain "according to the nature of descents," the origin of certain terms which, among some of the lower races, connexions use in addressing each other—terms which, collectively, he has called the Malayan system of relationship. This might be reason enough if the Consanguine family, and nothing else, could give the explanation. But there is, at least, one other explanation before the world which asserts that the Malayan terms do not denote relationship, and are only for use in salutations—which is all the purpose they serve in practice. And the Consanguine family fails to account for the Malayan terms as being terms denoting blood-relationship. To make even a show of accounting for them, Mr. Morgan has to assume that the terms for blood-relationship which grew up in what was little better than a promiscuous group of kindred, have had vitality enough in them to last through ages of experience of the Pŭnalŭan family, and even to be surviving now when men and women make separate marriages—applied to connexions which did not exist, and could not have been conceived of when everybody was everybody else's brother or sister. The difficulty of acquiescing in this assumption is the greater because, according to Mr. Morgan, the Pŭnalŭan family has given rise to a terminology of relationships (which he has called the Turanian) considerably different from the Malayan—a terminology which, unfortunately for him, was not in use in the only place in which he managed to discover the Pŭnalŭan family. This family has, indeed, we fear, been a sad trouble to him. In a former work he employed it to help the Consanguine family in evolving the Malayan terms, and founded his faith in it even more upon its fitness to do that than upon the letter of his friend in the Sandwich Islands. It was shown conclusively, however, that it had no such fitness, but that it might be got to yield some of the Turanian terms—and now it is to explain the Turanian "relationships" that he uses it. His faith in it seems to be all the stronger for finding it something different from what he at first took it for, and he calls upon his readers to acknowledge that it existed wherever the Turanian terminology has been in use. And yet it breaks down in explaining the Turanian relationships. Mr. Morgan himself admits that it does. The assumptions by which he seeks to cover its failure bring it back to the Consanguine family—or rather make it something even more monstrous than either family is by itself. But it is time to pass from conjectural family systems, for which there is nothing to be said, to Mr. Morgan's account of the Gens—that is, the clan—in which, at any rate, he brings us into contact with known fact.

If society could be distributed by organisers into classes on the basis of sex, it should, perhaps, be no surprise that subsequent organisers should distribute it into Gentes on the basis of kin. For the classes, perhaps, organisers are absolutely necessary—we do not see how, otherwise, they could have come into existence. But, in the case of the Gentes, the need for organisation is not so clear. Mr. Morgan tells us that the "germinal principle" of the Gens is found both in the Pŭnalŭan family and in the organisation upon the basis of sex—and he might have said that it was found wherever there were women through whom blood-connexions could be propagated. May not that principle have germinated without help from organisers, and brought forth the Gens in due season? At one point, as has been said, Mr. Morgan clearly had an uneasy feeling that this may have happened. But he needed the help of organisers, whether the Gens did or not. In the first place, the organisation hypothesis enabled him to give a simple answer to a question of profound difficulty—to tell how exogamy, that widespread and mysterious law of incest, came into existence. His statement—simple, though not satisfactory—is that this prohibition of marriage between all blood-relations was imposed by those who organised the Gens. In the next place, it enabled him, without a word of argument, to put Aryan and Semitic clans in the same category with the Totem groups of savages, and to affirm that all was once probably true of them which is known to be true of the latter. Lastly, it was for him, while working upon other men's lines, a theory which he could call all his own. Nobody will dispute his right to this theory; but no scientifically-trained man can give much heed to it. Science, with its faith in development, in natural processes of growth and change—which, to Mr. Morgan, though he sometimes speaks of them, are words without meaning—must, since nobody has actually seen the organisers at work, decline to believe in so much organisation. The amount of organisation which his scheme involves is something enormous; for the Gens—notwithstanding his disposition to think the contrary—must, according to his view, have been separately devised among every set of tribes shown, by the clans included in them, to be of common origin and of distinct origin from other sets of tribes. But this needs a few words of explanation.

There were only two Gentes to the tribe at first, it seems. It does not appear whether people were organised in a Gens and told to consider themselves blood-relations, whether they were of the same blood or not, or whether there were actually only two sets of relatives in early tribes. Either view, however, raises up difficulties which are obvious and are not inconsiderable. Then, though wife-stealing is known to go on pretty actively among the lower savages, and the tribe is rare among them that would scorn to appropriate the women of its neighbours, Mr. Morgan informs us that marriage was confined to the tribe—the one Gens intermarrying with the other, so that marriage had no influence whatever in introducing stocks or Gentes into the tribe. Why the organisers of the Gens were jealous of intermarriage with outsiders—which could not sin against the object to which their labours were directed—we cannot imagine; and, though one should be careful in criticising the proceedings of people whose very existence is only a guess, it would seem, having regard to their supposed object, that they would have done wisely in permitting it. What was the result of interdicting it? A Gens grew inconveniently big, and split in two; its fragments grew big, and split in two again; and each body produced by this process of "segmentation" by-and-by began to consider itself a separate Gens, and to intermarry with those who were its own flesh and blood. It may be asked where was the Totem, the mark and test of blood-relationship, all this time. It ought to have prevented so much forgetfulness of blood-relationship; it should, in spite of "segmentation," have saved the work of the organisers from so much of failure. Mr. Morgan says nothing of the Totem—does not consider whether it may not have been, like blood-relationship itself, older than the Gens; whether the organisers invented it or neglected to do so; or how it came into use and grew into importance. When a sufficient number of Gentes had been produced, however, they all somehow re-united, giving the tribe as we know it, containing many Gentes; in which, owing to the marriage law, the people of the different Gentes are so mixed together that, except when there is business on hand—a marriage, an injury to compensate, or a wrong to ask redress for—the very existence of the Gentes might be unnoticed by a stranger. Here another difficulty occurs. In the tribe as it exists, for a Gens to "segment" without the tribe "segmenting," would be impossible. How are we to know it could be otherwise in Mr. Morgan's original tribe, even if it consisted of only two Gentes? Now, "segmentation" of the tribe would not suit Mr. Morgan at all at this stage. It would merely give him the original tribe over again, though possibly on a

smaller scale; and it would give over again the problem, how to multiply the Gentes, as far from solution as at first. It is not until the tribe—after having been, presumably for a long period, out of existence—had been miraculously brought into being again by the union of all Gentes that had sprung from it, that Mr. Morgan can afford to apply the segmenting process to his tribe. Then he uses it with no sparing hand. Tribe springs from tribe by "segmentation" until whole territories are covered with the offshoots of an original pair of Gentes—the common origin of all being shown by their containing Gentes of the same Totems. Of course, the original tribe must have had plenty of "sea-room;" but Totems vary from district to district, and in each region which presents a distinct set of them there must have been a separate origin of the Gens.

We have by no means noticed all the difficulties which arise out of Mr. Morgan's account of the growth and spread of tribes, but we have perhaps said quite enough about this curious product of thoughtlessness and blundering. We must part with Mr. Morgan; and in parting with him we cannot help saying that it is pitiable to see the energy and industry which, some years ago, gave us, in the 'Systems of Consanguinity and Affinity of the Human Family,' a most valuable collection of facts, applied to the production of a work like 'Ancient Society.' Credulousness and thoughtlessness, an anti-scientific point of view, and a turn for making wild guesses, are characteristics which absolutely unfit a man for such undertakings—and in connexion with them, nevertheless, the industrious hand can always find something useful to do.

NEW AND OLD ETHICS.

New and Old Methods of Ethics; or, "Physical Ethics" and "Methods of Ethics." By T. Y. Edgeworth, M.A. London: Parker and Co.

This pamphlet of about ninety pages contains in a compressed form a vast deal of interesting criticism of current ethical speculations. The aim of the writer is to compare the Introspective and Physical methods in ethics as illustrated by Mr. H. Sidgwick and Mr. A. Barratt. Mr. Edgeworth is disposed to combine these seemingly opposed methods. He is thoroughly of opinion that right and wrong in conduct must repose on certain laws of our physical organism, and that should these be ever discovered, physics might, as Mr. Barratt contends, supply a basis for ethical construction. On the other hand, the critic rejects Mr. Barratt's "doubly distilled egoism," and accepts the existence of Mr. Sidgwick's non-hedonistic desire, though he prepares the way for a reconciliation of egoism and intuitivism by suggesting that all non-hedonistic preference is reducible to inherited habit which represents ancestral associations with pleasure. "Is it not possible [he writes] that both Bain and Butler are right, that the distinction noticed by Butler [between particular affection and the desire for pleasure] exists, and yet that all affections are generated by association with experienced pleasure, only that the association is mainly *ancestral* in the case of affections proper?" Mr. Edgeworth thus occupies a point of view sufficiently near each of the writers whom he discusses to allow of delicate and discriminating criticism. The tone is singularly fair, and the line of remark, though too often left undeveloped, is ingenious and suggestive. Mr. Edgeworth is, on the whole, a fervent admirer of Mr. Sidgwick; yet he now and again seeks in a very skilful way to tone down what he regards as the more questionable features of that writer's doctrine. Thus, for instance, he says: "Some exception may be taken to Mr. Sidgwick's low estimate of the value of authority as a criterion of one's own greatest pleasure. In details, no doubt, it is shown how futile it is to take care of the pence, so to speak, of one's happiness. But with regard to the adoption of general lines of conduct, the authority of the χαρίεντες may afford more than commonplace advice to common men." This seems to us to be as just as it is happily worded.

The most interesting feature of Mr. Edgeworth's work is his attempt to develop more fully the idea of an exact or quantitative utilitarianism of which Mr. Sidgwick gave the suggestion in his 'Methods of Ethics.' Mr. Edgeworth is of opinion that a rigidly mathematical deduction of the conclusions flowing from the improved version of the utilitarian formula—namely, the greatest possible quantity of happiness or pleasurable consciousness—tends to support, on the whole, the maxims of commonsense morality; and thus his line of reasoning is confirmatory of Mr. Sidgwick's well-known method of proving Utilitarianism by exhibiting the consilience between the deductions from this principle and accepted moral precepts. Mr. Edgeworth makes use of Fechner's principles of psycho-physics, which formulate the relation between external stimulus and internal feeling. He also calls to his aid some rather formidable-looking formulæ belonging to the calculus of variations. Hence his line of argument makes pretty heavy demands on the reader's attention. Yet in spite of intricate symbols, the general drift of the reasoning may be apprehended by any intelligent reader. The results thus reached are of the first practical interest. Thus, by viewing the means of happiness as so much material wealth, capable of being distributed in an infinite number of ways among a number of sentients of unequal capacity, which number may itself be indefinitely varied, we arrive at the conclusion that on the whole equality is the law of distribution. It is only when the difference in the capacity of enjoyment is considerable, as in the case of men and the lower animals, and possibly the civilised races and savages, that a law of privilege comes in. The most important practical bearing of these arguments is on the question of the best future adjustment of the industrial relations of society. Mr. Edgeworth tells us that the ideal community deducible from his principles is not the most cultivated coterie nor the most numerous proletariate, but a happy middle class. That is to say, population is clearly to be limited up to a certain point; but since the quality or capacity of happiness of the sentients among whom the distribuend is to be shared cannot be indefinitely heightened, except at a greater and greater material cost (for the cultivated man requires more necessaries preliminary to enjoyment than the boor), it follows that after a time increase of quality or capacity may have to be sacrificed to increase of numbers. As a first attempt to quantify the conclusions of Utilitarian ethics, Mr. Edgeworth's pamphlet must be pronounced a highly creditable production. It is much to have shown that strictly mathematical calculation does tend to corroborate rules which are accepted by the plain man as self-evident. Even if a complete calculus of Utilitarian good is in its nature impracticable—a conclusion we by no means allow—Mr. Edgeworth's ingenious essay at least proves that the idea is not in its nature absurd. We cannot do better than conclude by quoting the writer's own modest account of his work:—"Where the great body of moral science is already gone before, from all sides ascending, under a master's guidance, towards one serene commanding height, thither aspires this argument, a straggler coming up, *non passibus æquis*, and by a devious route."

MR. RODEN NOEL'S DRAMA.

The House of Ravensburg. A Drama. By the Hon. Roden Noel. London: Daldy, Isbister, and Co.

Mr. Roden Noel occupies a distinct place among minor poets of the first rank. He belongs to no school; he owes as little as possible to any of his great contemporaries or predecessors; and though he has not sufficient original force, sufficient independent momentum, to draw a band of imitators within his vortex, and become the founder of a new school, still his freshness and power are decided enough to command interest. The scheme of his poems, his line of thought, the rhythm of his verse, are all his own, the direct working out of his own bent; he has not the power of a master, but neither has he the submissiveness and tame facility of a disciple. This last work of his is much too remark-

able in many respects to be passed by in the crowd. It is called a drama, but it is not a drama that could be acted on the stage, and does not conform strictly to either ancient or modern models, except in the division into acts and scenes. The nearest descriptive title that could be found for it would perhaps be a dramatic epic. It could be transformed into an epic without much modification of its development of events by simply interpolating narrative and descriptive matter between the acts and scenes, and transferring to the narrator certain explanatory passages now embodied in soliloquies and dialogues—a process which could not be performed on a firmly-constructed drama. It bears some resemblance to the biographical plays which were sometimes put on the Elizabethan stage, in which an eventful life was pourtrayed in successive scenes, without any attempt to exhibit a dramatic balance of conflicting human agencies. But from these, again, it is distinguished by the means which the author has adopted of securing unity of action, which carries us back to the Greek drama. It is not any malign human agency, but Nemesis herself, that is the moving power in the play—Nemesis, patient but relentless, slowly compassing the ruin of a sinful house, inspiring its last members with calamitous impulses, and visiting the crime of the fathers upon the children; and yet neither the form nor the spirit of the play is Greek. Mr. Noel has no sympathy with the religious or irreligious ideas which lie at the foundation of the ancient Greek drama; at least, he does not try to re-embody them. On the one hand, a breath of modern science has caught him, and he represents Nemesis as working not by direct instigation, but partly through the principle of heredity, through "half-evil, half-insane tendencies—unrestrained or unsuccessfully resisted—transmitted from generation to generation, and bearing their bitter fruit of multiform sin, sorrow, pain." And, on the other hand, he brings his drama within the circle of the Christian conception of human life and the government of the universe, by making the last of the fated house, after expiating his guilt by bitter remorse and heroic effort in the cause of freedom and right, seek and obtain the Divine forgiveness. Justice demands the punishment of the offenders in this world, but their perturbed spirits find reconciliation and repose.

Mr. Noel, it will thus be seen, does not work at random, but within a thoughtfully conceived, bold, and original dramatic scheme. The story, too, is well adapted to dramatic treatment. Sigismund, Count of Ravensburg, in Switzerland, is so far carried away by the sceptical philosophy of his time, the fifteenth century, that he not only hates and despises the priests of the Church, but makes an open mock of religious rites. He turns the priests out of his castle, and holds sensual orgies with his boon companions in the chapel, in which they dress themselves in sacred vestments, and celebrate fantastic parodies of Church ceremonial in honour of strange divinities. Although a just and humane lord to his peasantry in days when oppression and extortion was the rule, he outrages their feelings by his profane behaviour, and is feared and abhorred by them as a professor of evil mysteries. Their abhorrence is increased by the scandalous terms on which he lives with Lady Blanche, the wife of one of his neighbours, and by his countenance of sensual excesses among his dependents. Meantime he is not without fits of repentance and good resolutions, and in one of these fits he falls in love with and marries a lady in England, Constance Davenant, concealing from her his evil repute, and persuading her that he has very good reasons for not taking her to his home. With Constance he lives happily for some time, but the spirit of unrest enters into him, he returns to his castle, and falls once more into the toils of his Dalilah, Lady Blanche. Constance discovers his treachery, and dies of a broken heart, after giving birth to a son who is named Ralph. He survives her but a short time, leading a remorseful life, shunned and hated by his own dependents, and perishes in rescuing a boy who has fallen over a precipice. In the second part of the drama, Sigismund's son and heir, Ralph, appears grown to manhood. He loves and is betrothed to a lady named Bertha. Adrian, the son of Lady Blanche, becomes his rival. Ralph kills Adrian in a solitary duel, and finds out, too late, that he has slain his own brother. Haunted by remorse, he joins a party of peasant insurgents, is taken prisoner, and narrowly escapes death in the torture-chamber of his bitter enemy, Lady Blanche. His deliverer is his betrothed, Bertha. He dies in her arms after he obtains from the newly-established Republican Court of Justice a condonation of his fratricidal crime in consideration of his services. All seems now about to end happily, and the ghost of Sigismund, which Mr. Noel exhibits to us as wandering in unceasing agony, tormented with anguish at the sight of the quarrel between his children and its unhappy termination, vanishes with—

> the aspect of one
> Who wins repose and comfort after pain
> Unutterable.

But Ralph, the unwitting fratricide, is not permitted long to enjoy his happiness. At the very moment when it is complete, he dies in the arms of Bertha.

Mr. Noel's treatment of this story is, as we have said, rather epic than dramatic. The plot is developed simply and steadily, without any pretence to delicate intricacy of construction or subtle exhibition of character. None of the characters, except Sigismund, is composed of mixed elements. Sigismund, intentionally or unintentionally, is a transcript of the broader features in the character of Lord Byron, and these are brought out one by one in a succession of suggestive scenes. First we are shown him in his best mood, in love with purity and peace, leading a calm domestic existence with his English wife, sympathising with her simple joys, delighting with her in fondling their little child. But the charm of this idyllic life is beginning to lose its power; he has forebodings and fits of unrest, and tries to persuade his wife that she must not think him an angel, and not vex herself if he should prove faithless to her as men will do. She, convinced of his love, puts all this gaily aside, and for the moment dispels his gathering discontent and gloom.

> *Sig.* Well, fairy, we will speak no more of it.
> Breathed ever fairy with a soul to think?
> *Cons.* But I must go and watch the little one—
> Shadows are lengthening.
> *Sig.* Our little one! our perfect little one!
> As I sat in mine oriel to-day,
> They wheeled him round and round our pleasant garden,
> Under slim aspens, whispering jasper-hued
> Athwart opal horizons, and pearl sky.
> Then all my weird wild thought's dim labyrinth,
> With hideous monsters that inhabit there,
> Even as demons at the holy sign,
> Vanished before the treble of a child,
> Vanished; and left a sky serene as his,
> Serene as light his singing rippled through.
> *Cons.* Prattling so blithely, like a little bird;
> Of what! the Lord and his pure angels know:
> Surely they listen to him with deep joy!
> *Sig.* Ah! when he breaks upon my reverie,
> While I am musing, care-oppressed, alone,
> He gleams, a burst of sunshine on the gloom
> Of some dark forest, or athwart grey clouds,
> Running toward me, all one melody,
> As an unhoped-for rill, in a hot land,
> Starts up and sings to a thirsty wayfarer!
> *Cons.* You say you are evil! yet you love the child!
> Come up this evening, Sigismund, and see him!

For the moment Sigismund's mind is calmed, but the unrest returns and deepens, till at last his fate impels him to leave his wife and child, and go back to his castle of Ravensburg. The scene changes to Ravensburg, and we get further light on Sigismund's character from a visit paid him by a Sub-Prior, who lectures him on his evil ways, and adjures him to abandon them and submit to the Church. Sigismund frightens him away by the violence of his language. But he is comparatively calm in presence of the priest; when the priest goes, such is the fitful passionateness of his nature, his anger blazes up higher, he calls for his horse, resolved to pursue the emissary of the Church, and make him pay for his hardihood of reproof with his life. At the gate, however, Sigismund meets his temptress, Lady Blanche,

and his guilty love for her comes back in an irresistible tide :—

Sig. No fuller draughts of life,
Ruby-red, sparkling, hath my spirit quaffed,
Than those thy queenly hand poured out for me.
My splendid star, my radiance of night!

. . . . .

You are beautiful!
On warm white undulations of your heart
Warm pearls lie heaving; while the satin flushed
Yields, a soft calyx to the waxen flower
Of your white bosom blossoming, white flower,
Tinct with rose-violet of apple-bloom,
Dark hair, one misty night above your brow,
Royally diademed with stars! Ah! foot,
Of slenderest symmetry, why hide thee now
Behind a sheen of gold-inwoven cloud?
I am your slave again, arrive what may!
I will lie upon your bosom's ocean—
Yea, drown, and perish there!
Blanche. First hear me, friend,
And calm yourself a moment while I speak.
Sig. Ah! the rapturous hours
Of rushing through sunlight upon wild wings
Of winds, in likeness of Arabian
Horses, fire-eyed, with you for page most fair
Attendant, all your beauty wavering
Subtly between the lady and the boy!
Or when, in like disguise, you rode with me
To spear the bristling boar among black pines,
Bold as Adonis, flying from Cytherea!
I have loved the clash and storm of battletide,
Upon those radiant plains of Lombardy;
I am a wild steer of the forest free,
And cannot school myself to wear the yoke!

Presently, however, she tempts him to forsake Constance, and wed her, hinting that she will poison her husband to prepare the way for the union, and holding out before him the glittering bribe of rising, by means of their united lands, to imperial power. This disgusts him; he veers suddenly round once more, and makes a vow of eternal truth to Constance. When, however, he returns to England, he finds that Blanche has been beforehand with him, and has drawn such a picture of his wicked life that Constance's confidence is irretrievably gone. He treats her harshly, brutally, and goes back to wilder orgies at Ravensburg. In another fit of repentance, he returns once more, to hear that his wife is dying, and to be denied admission to her presence. In Sigismund's alternations of tenderness and brutality, and in the unforgiving sternness of Constance, it is impossible not to discern an adumbration of the married life of Lord Byron. The act, too, by which Sigismund finally perishes, is characteristic of the chivalrous generosity of Byron's impulses.

Into the sequel to this part of the drama, in which Mr. Noel displays high powers of imagination, we will not follow him. It can hardly be said to be a disparagement of the work that the incidents do not bear summarised statement; the same may be said of almost any play into which the supernatural enters. A bare summary could not easily be framed which should not insensibly assume an air of the absurd. We do not think that Mr. Noel has been altogether successful in his handling of the supernatural; he has not always escaped grotesqueness. Still, it must be admitted that the grotesque side does not make itself felt so much in actual perusal as in subsequent reflection; the interest of the drama is sufficiently sustained to carry the reader on without stumbling to the end.

AN INNOCENT SINNER.

An Innocent Sinner. A Psychological Romance. By Mabel Collins. London: Tinsley Brothers.

The plot of this attractive and edifying tale is briefly as follows. A country doctor falls so desperately in love at first sight with a girl who faints at seeing him, that, on being subsequently called in to attend her, and finding her already dead, he is discovered surreptitiously kissing her hand. Left thus disconsolate, our medical *quasi*-widower devotes himself to the young wife of a neighbour, who is also a scientific professor. Under pretence of Mrs. Venn's delicate health, frequent and prolonged interviews take place between her and Dr. Hetley in the absence of her husband, and on one occasion he is discovered by his aunt at his favourite pursuit of kissing the beloved object's hand. The Doctor, however, is not daunted by this disclosure, but proceeds with much deliberation to inform the husband that Mrs. Venn and himself are lovers. So far the story is simple enough, though perhaps better fitted for French than for English taste. But here we take a leap into the dark, and the chain of cause and effect to which we are accustomed in this world disappears. Professor Venn, instead of knocking Dr. Hetley down, as an unscientific and unregenerate husband might have done, receives the communication in a manner which Mrs. Collins shall give in her own words :—

"I have one quarrel with you," Ernest went on; "you did not tell me that you kissed her hands in Mrs. Pauncefort's presence yesterday. By this you have given her the foundation for anything she may say."

"I know that," said Dr. Hetley, in a voice hardly recognisable as his, "and I could gladly take my own life for that one act of folly, if it were not a greater sacrifice to live. At the same time you could hardly expect me to tell you of that—*there are limits to the endurance of human nature.*"

"Certainly," said Ernest, in the same grave, quiet way. "*I did not expect that of you.* But you must act immediately and close Mrs. Pauncefort's lips, as you have yourself given her a handle for scandal-making."

"I have a plan to suggest to you," said Dr. Hetley, "but you will have to assist me openly."

"I am perfectly willing to do so. We need all the help that each can give the other. This is a crisis at which, according to all precedent, we ought to shoot each other, *but I am sure we shall do a wiser thing if we shake hands. I have lost none of my respect and friendship for you.*"

"And I," said Dr. Hetley, in a broken voice, "am torn by the thought that I should bring this upon one of the few men whom I have ever wished to make a friend of. I am thankful, indeed," he went on, more steadily, "that you have taken this course. We should all have gone mad if we could not have spoken out."

"That is my own view," said Ernest, "and I am about to carry out the idea by speaking to you very openly indeed. Please not to decide that I have already gone mad until you have carefully weighed what I am about to say. To come to the point at once, I do not believe that that is Mrs. Venn upstairs at all." Dr. Hetley merely stared at him.

"I allow that it is her body," Ernest went on; "but I do not believe it to be her spirit."

"What, in the name of Heaven, do you mean?" ejaculated Dr. Hetley.

"I believe her to be possessed," said Ernest. "It is simply a more pronounced stage of the mysterious phenomena which have always accompanied her. I consider the whole thing to be my fault. I see now that I prepared her for it by the continual experiments which I tried with her. I lowered her physical health and increased her susceptibility to outer influences; and then, like a fool, I took my own influence away from her. My firm conviction is that Sibyl has been almost driven out of that body, upon which her hold was always very slight, and that it is actually possessed by another, a wilder and a more impatient being. *This makes matters more intelligible to me,* though scarcely more agreeable. I can understand the whole course of the affair."

Dr. Hetley, who could hardly in his most sanguine moments have calculated upon the existence of such a husband as this, naturally thinks him mad, and probably most of Mrs. Collins's readers will be inclined to agree with Dr. Hetley. After this rational and manly conversation Professor Venn naturally continues to employ Dr. Hetley as his wife's medical attendant, and, indeed, retires from the scene to his laboratory, leaving the worthy pair to their own devices. So matters continue until Mrs. Venn takes it into her head to jump out of her bedroom window almost into the arms of Dr. Hetley, who happened to be passing that way, and thought he might as well look in. He is left alone with his interesting patient, and the scene is quite beyond any pen save that of Mrs. Collins. The injured lady speaks.

"Leonard, my love; I am enabled to alter my farewell plainly to you—not that it is any but an outward farewell—I must be invisible to you, but I can never leave your side; I shall be true to you in the truth of the spirit, and you must be true to your God and to your love."

"Is it Sibyl Venn that can speak these words?" said Dr. Hetley. . . .

"Surely," said the voice in the same melodious accents, "you know it is not Sibyl Venn. . . .

"Tell me," he said . . . "who is it speaks to me?" And the answer was breathed forth in low intense syllables,

"STELLA."

Now, Stella was the name of the young lady who fell

in love with the Doctor, and died. Of course the Doctor immediately kisses her hand. Whatever happens, he is always equal to that performance. After this it is difficult to state what happens, owing to the poverty of human language. If we said that Sibyl Venn recovered from her injuries, and would have nothing more to do with Dr. Hetley, we might be reminded that Sibyl Venn never was injured, and never cared for Dr. Hetley. However, we will try to be clear. The person from whom Professor Venn would have been entitled to a divorce, if there had been adequate grounds for one, which we do not assert, recovered from injuries caused by jumping out of the window, and calmly snubbed the Doctor, though the Doctor still retained a sneaking affection for her. This is the main story of 'An Innocent Sinner,' but there are many pleasing episodes by the way. There is a pert little sempstress with whom Dr. Hetley is on the point of eloping to escape from his ill-regulated passion, when he is frustrated by one of the most unconsciously humorous *contretemps* in modern fiction. The sempstress, Josephine Sterling by name, is employed to nurse the person whom, to avoid mistakes, it may be as well to call Stella-Sibyl, and is just about to run off and join Dr. Hetley at the railway station, when Stella-Sibyl jumps out of bed, and locks her into the cupboard. Then there is a cousin of the Doctor, a low scamp, who engages the affections of a foolish girl, but is prevented from marrying her by an exercise of Mrs. Venn's power of second sight. This uncanny lady, on whom her husband is constantly trying experiments, knows what is going on in all kinds of out-of-the-way places, and will tell you what anybody is doing whose handwriting you bring into physical contact with her forehead. It is a great pity that her unpractical husband did not take her about to race-courses, where she would have quite cut out the people who tell fortunes and do the three-card trick.

What object Mrs. Collins set before herself in writing this book we are wholly unable to conceive. We hold that, as a rule, it is a mistake to make a novel the vehicle for advancing a scientific theory. We cannot regard with favour the introduction into a work of fiction, of speculation on the mysteries of a future state of existence. But when the science is beneath criticism, and the speculation is made to excuse the practice of flirting with another man's wife, it is necessary to speak plainly. Such stuff as that before us is entitled to no consideration, and deserves no mercy. It will be as offensive to religious as to scientific people, to the average man of the world as to the most strait-laced moralist. If English authors choose to follow French examples, we may think what we please of their taste or decency, but we must at least admit that they are dealing with the real facts of life, and the actual feelings of men and women. But such a creature as Sibyl Venn, or Stella Hamerton, or whatever name she may prefer, who is mawkish without being pure, and frail without being passionate, though she may be suited to the weak and hypocritical Hetley, is no more than he a fit subject for literary handling. It is no defence to say that the connexion between Stella-Sybil and her lover is what some people absurdly call platonic. The situation admits of being treated, and is indeed only capable of being treated, as an intrigue, and the preternatural trash which is imported into the proceedings outrages the understanding without satisfying the conscience. This crude doctrine of temporary and casual metempsychosis would have shocked the least cultivated Pythagorean, and would fail to impose on the dullest jury ever collected in the Divorce Court. The proposed expedition of Dr. Hetley and Miss Sterling, though it was not to be taken with any view to marriage,

> Seems something healthy and commendable
> After *morality* grotesqued so much
> It slunk away revolted at itself.

We have only to add that the three volumes before us contain two other short stories—'On Different Levels' and 'Twelve Ounces of Blood'—of which the former is insipid and the latter ghastly, not but what there is a deal of insipidity in Mrs. Collins's ghastliness.

HISTORY OF ENGLISH HUMOUR.

History of English Humour. With an Introduction upon Ancient Humour. By the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange, Author of the 'Life of the Rev. William Harness,' &c. In Two Volumes. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Our first sensation on reading the title of these volumes was one of respectful and awful admiration of the author's courage. How can a history be written of that which is so intangible that it possesses not so much even as a definition properly belonging to it? Who shall bridle the breeze or lasso Ariel in mid-career between heaven and earth? Who, again, can believe with any assurance that the humour which he chooses to chronicle will appear humorous to his readers? Is it not notorious that the proverb concerning one man's meat being another man's poison is as applicable to the food of fancy which takes the form of quips and jests as to the grosser food which supplies our bodily needs? Then, too, there is something which revolts one's perceptions in the very name "History of Humour." It is out of all fitness that the airy sprite whose mission it is to brighten the gloom of life, and wring a smile even from pessimists, should be thus classified, and bound and pressed just for all the world like the "Court calendars, directories, pocket-books, draught-boards, bound and lettered on the back; scientific treatises, almanacks, statutes at large; the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and generally all those volumes which 'no gentleman's library should be without,'" which made the "biblia a-biblia, books which are no books," of Elia. Elia alone, he who imagined the conception of a leg of mutton in its quiddity, could have descanted fitly on the essence of humour. But that he would ever have associated it with the word "history" cannot be supposed. Might he not, indeed, if he had met with an author who had projected a "History of Humour," have repeated his famous request to see the gentleman's bumps?

Some such reflections as these occupied us before we had turned the title-page of Mr. L'Estrange's volumes, and we confess to a sinking of the spirit when, on passing to the table of contents, we found "Preliminary Observations, Subjective" (a word of evil omen)—"Character of the Ludicrous—The Subject Little Studied—Obstacles to the Investigation—Evanescence—Mental Character of the Ludicrous—Distinction between Humour and the Ludicrous." We are not, however, to be easily overcome even by such obstacles as Evanescence and the Mental Character of the Ludicrous; and we therefore went on to the opening sentence of the book. Here again we met with a check in finding that the historian of humour had begun his task in the spirit of portentous and pompous gravity, which is indicated by these words: "The ludicrous is in its character so elusive and protean, and the field over which it extends is so vast, that few have ever undertaken the task of examining it systematically." Examining it systematically! Who would take rule and compasses to the goblin heads which grow out towards the spectator from the white sheet of a magic lantern? It must, however, be at once set down to the author's credit that he appears to some extent conscious of the impalpable nature of the thing he is dealing with, for a little further on we come upon this undeniably true statement:—"Nor have we yet so far ascertained its character as to be able to form humorous fancies upon any fixed principle." The next chapter, which opens thus—"Few of the blessings we enjoy are of greater value than the gift of humour. The pleasure attendant upon it attracts us together, forms an incentive, and gives a charm to social intercourse, and, unlike the concentrating power of love, scatters bright rays in every direction"—contains some remarks, amongst other things, upon the question: "Is there any sense of the ludicrous in the lower animals?" The fact of such a question being asked at all will suggest to people who know the ways of the so-called lower animals, that the author is but little versed in them; but let us see what he says on this point. "I have, however, seen a dog, on suddenly meeting a friend, not only wag his tail, but curl up the corners of

his lips, and show his teeth, as if delighted and amused. We may also have observed a very roguish expression sometimes in the face of a small dog when he is barking at a large one, just as a cat evidently finds some fun in tormenting and playing with a captured mouse. I have even heard of a monkey who, for his amusement, put a live cat into a pot of boiling water on the fire." This is, indeed, a startling development of humour, and approaches closely to that form of it which delighted such human beings as Hopkins the witch-finder, and still delights the warriors of various savage and half-savage nations. But is it possible that Mr. L'Estrange, in his inquiries concerning the humorous, has come across no stronger proof of its presence among the "lower animals" than this? Has he never kept or known a dog, between whom and his human friends there were a certain number of recognised jokes, during the performance of which the dog laughs as unmistakably as a dog can? Has he never observed the somewhat malicious humour which cats display in playing at hide-and-seek with their human friends? And, to put it on the most obvious ground, as he seems to attach great importance to laughter as a sign of humorous enjoyment, has he never heard a parrot laugh?

Going on from the author's singularly bare and unappreciative comments on the humour of animals, we find him discoursing with not much more penetration of that of Aristophanes, Diogenes, and of all people in the world, of Julius Cæsar, concerning whom we learn for the first time that "his *Veni, vidi, vici*, in which his enemies saw so much arrogance, was, no doubt, intended and understood by his friends to be humorous." It is impossible to prove that Mr. L'Estrange's view is incorrect; but it must at least be admitted that the suggested humour is somewhat latent. This detection of an obscure pleasantry by the author leads us, indeed, to suspect that his whole work may be one vast and cryptic joke, a trace of which may perchance be detected in his calling Lope de Rueda, the celebrated Spanish dramatist, "Lopez de Reuda."

It is natural that the reader should hope to find something better in the author's treatment of modern than of ancient humour, and if one turns over the pages at random it is reasonable to stop at those which treat of the anti-Jacobin, to see how far the writer's appreciation goes.

While on this subject, all that he has to say of that most perfect of burlesques, *The Rovers*, is that it was "a satire upon the immorality of the German plays then in vogue," and, following the commonplace instinct which has led many people to admire most what is perhaps the least truly humorous thing in the whole play, he quotes at length Rogero's ballad of the "University of Göttingen." But all wonder at what Mr. L'Estrange may think or say on the subject of which he has constituted himself the "historian" must come to an end when one reads his chapter on Lamb, who, he is pleased to decide, was "not gifted with the strength or suppleness of a great humorist." The key-note to Mr. L'Estrange's humorous capacity is found in a sentence which occurs in the same chapter:—"Who can applaud Swift for having asked, on accidentally meeting a young student carrying a hare, 'Prithee, friend, is that your own hair or a wig?'" Who can think, we are inclined to ask, that there is any hope for a writer who fills two volumes on the subject of humour, and yet cannot see the exquisite jest of this sudden query? After this one has no wonder left for the appallingly feeble and shallow criticism of Thackeray's humour, in the course of which the author asserts that "we may say much of Thackeray's humour is more inclined (*sic*) to produce a grin than a smile—merely to cause a grimace, owing to the bitterness from which it springs." It must, however, be said in fairness that the greater part of the chapter on Thackeray, as well as of that on Dickens, consists of extracts, and we can only regret that this method has not been carried out to a still further extent throughout the whole book.

PROUD MAISIE.

Proud Maisie. By Bertha Thomas. In Three Volumes. London: Sampson Low and Co.

With many obvious disadvantages, the autobiographic form of fictitious narrative possesses one signal merit—it implies that the narrator himself takes an interest in his story. Such an interest imparts elasticity and brightness even to an uneventful history, and enhances the attractiveness of one otherwise entertaining. 'Proud Maisie' belongs emphatically to the latter class; the incidents, though not unparalleled, are effective; and the frequent changes of scene between England and the Continent ensure constant variety. The charm, however, lies after all in the *verve* with which the story is told by the heroine, with no affectation of distinct artistic or moral purpose, but in the simple conviction that passages of her life so interesting to herself must interest others also. So undoubtedly they must, even though the tale be one often told and to be told. The picture of an affectionate, high-spirited girl robbed of her lover by the arts of a base though outwardly brilliant rival, affects us like the fairy tales where the prince marries the waiting-maid, while the true princess sweeps the hearth or tends geese upon the common. We are divided between a longing to thrash the prince for his incomprehensible stupidity; and an equal desire to see the real princess righted, which can only be by opening the royal oaf's eyes instead of boxing his ears. The latter is Miss Thomas's course, and she has manifested a sound discretion in following the precedent of orthodox story-tellers. A dismal termination would have been insufferable, and out of keeping with the general tone of the story, which, in spite of the serious nature of the situation, is invested throughout with an atmosphere of vivacity and brightness. Maisie's alacrity and energy keep her free from every touch of false sentiment; she bears up bravely, and, while fully justifying her characteristic epithet, is in general a thoroughly loveable heroine. Her vengeance on her deluded lover, if not exactly a model for imitation, is too thoroughly true to female nature to be quarrelled with, and is, after all, only the reaction of intense affection. It is, however, in the portrait of Maisie's rival that the authoress has put forth her fullest strength. Not painted with remarkable elaboration, it is nevertheless a terribly veracious picture of a thoroughly false and heartless character, the blank negation of feeling or principle in any form, intrinsically below contempt, but formidable from its mantle of beauty and its sting of shrewdness. The creature, though of the earth earthy, is uncanny in its inhumanity, and its tragic end is hardly felt as a catastrophe. In the fair artist Eva, Maisie's friend, Miss Thomas has not overcome the almost insuperable difficulty of making a confidant interesting. The situation strongly suggests Rosalind and Celia; but Celia, designed at first for Rosalind's foil, speedily dwindles into her shadow. This is a pity, for the first slight sketch of Eva is charming, and the scene when Maisie finds her out is the prettiest in the book. The adventure is suggestive as well as idyllic, and might pass for an imaginative embodiment of the reaction against conventionality, and aspiration towards a freer and ampler life, characteristic of the finer natures among the young in all ages, and in the most artificial most of all. These earlier and the last chapters are the best; the middle of the book is open to the charge of too great discursiveness, and too lax a connexion with the main plot. It is no new thing for autobiographic fiction to lapse into autobiography, and to assume the character of a diary of occurrences rather than of the steady development of a central incident. Maisie's continental adventures, however, are full of variety, and enlivened by several striking portraits, especially that of the eccentric and imperious musician Zbirow. It may be said with perfect truth that a dull page cannot be found in the book; and that with all its vivacity and disclaimer of profound purpose, it teems with evidences of intellectual power, and knowledge of books as well as of mankind.

MINOR NOTICES.

The War Correspondence of the "Daily News," 1877. With a Connecting Narrative forming a Continuous History of the War between Russia and Turkey, to the Fall of Kars, including the Letters of Mr. Archibald Forbes, Mr. J. A. MacGahan, and many other Special Correspondents in Europe and Asia. (Macmillan and Co.)—This correspondence bears re-publication. The preface to the volume claims no more than is due when it says that the various "letters were welcomed by the public as affording the earliest, fullest, and most specific information at critical moments of the campaign; and if it should further be found that these same letters, hastily written in the bivouac, on the field of victory, or in some hovel on the line of retreat, have at the same time the merit of being among the most vivid and truthful pictures of war that have at any time been offered to the public, the popularity they have attained would be accounted for." The letters marked with an asterisk are particularly worthy of preservation, and have qualities in them which are certain to be recognised and acknowledged by some future historian in search of materials. The combination of an intense delight in action, an unfeigned love of open-air grandeur and beauty, literary instinct, and a practical knowledge of the military art, is too rare to be lost in the mass of special war correspondence. The volume is well edited, the connecting narrative never being too heavy for the main text.

Notes on the Churches of Kent. By the late Sir Stephen Glynne, Bart. With Illustrations. (John Murray.)—This is a bulky volume, of more than 300 pages, containing dry architectural descriptions of 312 churches in Kent. The editor, who apparently is Mr. W. H. Gladstone, informs us that the present volume is the first of a series, which, if completed, will embrace 5,530 churches, spread over the whole of England and Wales. As a monument of dreary and in great measure useless assiduity, this result of a long life seems to us to stand almost unparalleled in the annals of the nineteenth century. One must go back to the droning period of the dark ages to find anything which will compare with the seventeen or eighteen volumes of monotonous descriptions of churches, many of which, by the time the volumes appear, will have lost, under the hand of the restorer, all those features which Sir Stephen Glynne so laboriously enumerates. The churches to which he directed his attention were only those dating from the pre-Reformation period, and to which distinct parishes were assigned. Here and there some local zealot in ecclesiology may be anxious to know whether the windows of his parish church were originally curvilinear or rectilinear, or whether the porch had one or two trefoil lancet windows, but, for the most part, this information might be obtained from the county history or the local guide. The only thing at all interesting about the work is the glimpse which it affords of the mind and occupations of a gentleman so closely allied with the ex-leader of the Liberal party, and with whom so much of that statesman's time was passed when not occupied with the affairs of State. Sir Stephen Glynne, we find, from the year 1829 down to 1874, regularly devoted some months of each year to storing his mind with memoranda respecting the architectural history and appurtenances of the various churches with which he became acquainted. The details of 5,530 churches visited were not only committed to paper but were "continually carried in his head," and were liable to be given off at any moment. This recollection of the late master of Hawarden scarcely suggests that a prolonged stay there would offer many attractions to those who were not endowed with the ecclesiological temperament. It is only fair to say that the volume, as far as we can judge from glancing through it, without any deep interest in the subject of Sir S. Glynne's labours, is carefully and thoroughly executed. We shall be glad if our estimate of its practical value is belied by the result, though we doubt greatly whether the special class to which it addresses itself is sufficiently numerous to encourage the editor to proceed to the end of his self-allotted task.

Art at Home Series. The Drawing-Room. By Mrs. Orrinsmith. (Macmillan and Co.)—Mrs. Orrinsmith's little volume is one of the best of the "Art at Home Series." The drawing-room of so many modern houses stands so sadly in want of some artistic improvement, that it is not too much to devote a whole volume to the effort. Mrs. Orrinsmith has a pleasant undogmatic way of putting her opinions and suggestions, that is calculated to succeed with those for whom the "Art at Home Series" is specially intended, who, knowing nothing whatever about art-decoration, would rather adopt their borrowed ideas easily than have them hammered into their heads with sledge-hammer arguments. When people have acquired all the old brass, old china, Chippendale chairs, and Japanese fans recommended for the improvement of their minds and rooms, they may not always be able to make the best use of it, but at least Mrs. Orrinsmith does her best to help them.

The Picture Amateur's Handbook and Dictionary of Painters. By Philippe Daryl. (Crosby Lockwood and Co.) — This is an exceedingly well-compiled and useful little book. In the present time, when a knowledge of pictures on the part of everyone is as much an assumption as the English gentleman's acquaintance with Horace, Mr. Daryl's little volume should prove very popular, for there is a great deal of valuable information to be gathered from its pages, and anyone blessed with a good memory might by carefully studying it pass for an art-amateur. Its more legitimate uses are, however, equally obvious, for there is much compressed into the dictionary of painters, even artists so late as Fortuny and Henry Regnault being included, and though the facts given are of necessity brief, they are sufficient for purposes of reference. The introductory pages also contain much useful matter with regard to the imitations of old masters, the cleaning and relining of old pictures, and other important subjects.

Orpheus and Eurydice, Endymion, and other Poems. By Hugh Donald Barclay. With illustrations by Edgar Barclay. (Hardwicke and Bogue.)—Two pretty, lightly humorous little poems upon well-worn classical subjects, a few lyrics and clever translations, with four admirable illustrations, make up a very pleasant small volume. The story of "Endymion, or the Boy who Cried for the Moon," is especially well told, the old legend being gracefully altered. Endymion falls in love with Cynthia, the moon, and dreams that his love is happily returned; awaking, and despairing, he sees the reflection of the moon in the water of a pool, leaps in, is drowned, and buried with the epitaph—

> Endymion lieth here, who died too soon,
> He died for love of the inconstant moon.

Among the translations, that from Alfred de Musset's "Sur Une Morte," though in great part not properly a translation at all, is a very clever adaptation. The ideas are preserved and given in a musical English poem, which is certainly better than a literal and bald or unmelodious rendering. It is a pity, however, that some of the verses of the original, which add greatly to the completeness of the picture, should be omitted in the English version.

THE QUARTERLIES.

The *Quarterly Review* opens with a somewhat rambling but on the whole very sensible paper on the "Renaissance in Italy," founded on Mr. J. A. Symonds's recent volumes, with an application to our own country in recent times. The reviewer's criticisms of Mr. Symonds are perhaps more valuable than his own independent reflections. There is a certain inconsistency in Mr. Symonds's books, arising from an oscillation between different points of view. He reprobates Machiavelli and praises Savonarola, but when he looks to the glorious productions of Italian art, and considers that if

Italy had been governed during the Renaissance by the spirit of Savonarola, the world would probably have received from her much poorer gifts in art and literature, there arises a conflict in his mind which he seems never to have firmly decided one way or the other. This indecision has often been remarked by Mr. Symonds's reviewers; indeed, it is impossible to read many pages of his books without feeling it; it may be a fault or it may be a merit; but the *Quarterly* Reviewer deserves credit for the strength of the touches with which he has exposed it in the opening paragraphs of his article. The reviewer's conception of history, too, is one that Mr. Symonds might study with advantage. The time is probably not far distant when our descendants will speak with a smile of the vanity which gave a certain period the designation of the Dark Ages, and when that time comes, the breadth of view of the following passage will be properly appreciated.

Our author [the reviewer says of Mr. Symonds] opens his work with the following question: "How was it that at a certain period about fourteen centuries after Christ, to speak roughly, humanity woke, as it were, from slumber, and began to live?" This statement of the problem of the Renaissance appears to us inadequate and misleading. It is misleading, for, except in a very narrow and technical sense, it is not true that humanity ever fell asleep. There are human qualities which a state of barbarism, like that which existed in what are called the Dark Ages, encourages, and which civilisation destroys. Nor will the period that elapsed between the overthrow of the Roman Empire and the Revival of Learning seem a mere time of torpor, if we consider the vast fabric of European civilisation, the foundations of which were then laid. We cannot conceive on what grounds the learning and ingenuity of the scholastic philosophy, however futile may have been its aims, can be likened, as Mr. Symonds likens it, to the Dead Sea; why the intelligence of the builders of Westminster Abbey should fear comparison with that of the architect of the Parthenon; or for what reason St. Wilfrid and St. Benedict are to be considered more somnolent spirits than Catullus and Petronius. The statement, again, is inadequate, for the problem presents a moral and social side, apart from which the great intellectual development of Italy can never be thoroughly understood.

The *Quarterly* Reviewer's criticism of Mr. Symonds is clear and sound; when he suddenly plunges with little warning and absurd irrelevance into a survey of our own country and times, he betrays a less sober judgment. He detects in Mr. Gladstone's treatment of the Eastern Question, Mr. Matthew Arnold's ethical essays, and Mr. Anthony Trollope's novels, ominous symptoms that we are drifting into the same laxity of moral fibre that caused the decadence of Italian literature and art. When certain people would rather see the British Empire disintegrated than their individual notions of right and wrong set at nought, when Mr. Phineas Finn makes love to more than one woman without rebuke, whereas Tom Jones committed similar offences under the impulse of passion which the author represented and duly reprobated as lawless, when Mr. Matthew Arnold desires to see less decision of character and more reasonableness and enlightenment, the *Quarterly* Reviewer cannot avoid the conclusion that England is rapidly nearing her inevitable doom. He should read the *Daily Telegraph*, and he might then take a less despondent view of the enervating progress of the Hellenic spirit among us.

The most interesting article in the *Quarterly* is a review of Mr. Torrens's 'Memoir of Lord Melbourne,' which is not so much a review as an independent contribution to the biography. The writer finds fault with the length of the memoir, remarking very justly that "it was worse than superfluous to take us over ground (Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill, for example) which we have trodden so often of late years that we could find our way across it blindfold," and also challenges the soundness of Mr. Torrens's information on some points, and the authenticity of his statements. One of the chief deficiencies in Mr. Torrens's two volumes is that he quotes so few examples of the piquant sayings for which Lord Melbourne was famous. It is a pity that the *Quarterly* writer has not done more to supply this deficiency. Perhaps the explanation is to be found in the following remarks on a certain ingredient in the *bon mots*:—"We may here say, once for all, that no story or anecdote of Lord Melbourne is complete without this now universally condemned expletive. It would be the portrait of Cromwell without the warts. Lord Houghton alludes to Sydney Smith as having 'checked the strong old-fashioned freedom of speech in Lord Melbourne, by suggesting that they should assume everything and everybody to be damned, and come to the subject.' We once before expressed a conviction that Sydney Smith never ventured on such a liberty with Lord Melbourne; who, however, certainly carried the old-fashioned freedom to an extent that might have justified a serious remonstrance on the part of a grave divine." Almost the only new saying of Lord Melbourne's that the Reviewer tells is the following:—"Asking how it was that Raphael was employed to decorate the Vatican, he was reminded that Raphael was a great painter. 'But was not his uncle, Bramante, architect to the Pope? It was a job.'" He amends Mr. Torrens's version of what passed between Lord Melbourne and Mr. Disraeli on their first meeting at Mrs. Norton's:—

Many years since, a right honourable gentleman, who now holds a conspicuous position before the world, had recently returned from the East, when he was asked to dinner to meet Lord Melbourne, who good-naturedly turned the conversation on the manners and customs of the countries recently visited by this gentleman. "Your Lordship," he remarked, "appears to have derived all your notions of Oriental matters from the 'Arabian Nights Entertainments.'" "And a devilish good place to get them from," rejoined Lord Melbourne, rubbing his hands and laughing.

As the conversation proceeded, the gentleman, in a semi-serious tone, or in the proud consciousness of latent power which he afterwards expressed on a memorable occasion in the House of Commons, said that what he looked forward to was the Premiership. "And I wish you may get it," quietly observed Lord Melbourne. This is the sole foundation of the dialogue which Mr. Torrens reports in such detail.

The chief fault in the present number of the *Edinburgh Review* is one which threatens to become chronic—the lack of freshness. The notice of Charles Sumner's correspondence concerning notabilities in England about the beginning of the present reign contains some interesting quotations, but the reviews of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's 'Life of Titian,' Mr. Martin's 'Life of the Prince Consort,' and Dr. Schliemann's 'Mycenæ,' are heavy and old-fashioned. Concerning the "Principles and Prospects of the Liberal Party," the *Edinburgh Review* is more lively in style. It guards itself against giving definite support to anything but the amendment of the Burials Law, the reform of local administration, and the extension of the suffrage to counties. The writer's chief effort is an elaborate similitude, by which he illustrates the difference between Old and New Toryism.

There is an interesting passage in one of Professor Huxley's lectures, in which, illustrating his favourite theory of evolution, he describes the process by which an extinct quadruped of the equine species, which in the Greek of geologists (a wonderful tongue, as wonderful as gardeners' Latin or churchwardens' Gothic) is called Orohippus, has gradually become developed into the horse of to-day. This progenitor of our horses was, as Professor Huxley tells us, a creature armed with a formidable set of forty-four teeth, among which the canines were prominently developed. It had two bones in its tibia and forearm, while its feet were provided with three, or, as some geologists think, with five claws apiece. Altogether an unsatisfactory and dangerous beast. The horse of our times, on the contrary, has not more than thirty-six teeth, no canines, only one bone in his leg and forearm, no claws, but only hoofs. On the whole, a great improvement on his Eocene or Pleiocene predecessor, probably much faster, and certainly more harmless. A similar process of evolution appears to have been going on in the genus Tory. A century since, he was all for arbitrary power, generally a Jacobite at heart, hunting a Methodist when he had the opportunity as he would hunt a fox; thinking education good for none but the upper classes; steeped in all sorts of ignorance, prejudice, and bigotry. Fifty years afterwards he had discovered that arbitrary power, at least in foreign countries, was not altogether desirable; he had become sincerely loyal to the reigning house; if he were a Low Churchman, he honoured the memory of Wesley and Whitefield; he subscribed to the National School Society; and though he had his doubts as to Catholic emancipation, and dreaded Parliamentary reform, he had on the whole made astonishing progress as a man and as a citizen. At the present day, the ordinary Conservative who supports the Ministry of Lord Beaconsfield is to the Tory of Lord Eldon's times what a horse is to an orohippus. Though he votes with his party, he talks Liberalism, shrugs his shoulders at leaps in the dark, and acknowledges in a confidential way that "Dizzy is not the person he should have fixed upon as a fit leader of the gentlemen of England." Of course there is some Shibboleth by which he may generally be detected. A few years ago it was Church Rates, now it is the Burials Bill; but in ordinary times, when there is no political

pressure, he would pass, if he wished to pass, for a mild Liberal, without strong predilections this way or that.

It was never to be feared that *Mind* would run short of matter as a review of philosophical speculations and investigations, its field being the whole of Europe and America. If it cared to take account of every book published in this field under the name of philosophy, it might present its readers every quarter with a new system of Logic, or a new solution of the mystery of Being. Even in the more practical line which it has adopted, of summing up the newest results attained by patient labourers in mental science, and giving them an opportunity of interchanging friendly criticisms on one another's work, it was not likely that *Mind* should fail of interest. It is not a popular magazine, and it was never intended to be, but it has now lasted long enough to show that it honestly and thoroughly fulfils its purpose of enabling the philosophical student to learn easily what other people are doing in his own branch of inquiry. Where *Mind* might have been expected to fall off was in the quality of its original papers. The foremost thinkers are too much absorbed in the elaboration of their own systems to be able to turn aside, except at rare intervals, to write incidental essays on points of wide importance. But in this direction also, *Mind* has been fortunate, and its fortune does not seem to decrease. Professor Clifford's paper in this number, "On the Nature of Things in Themselves," will bear comparison, in point of clearness of exposition and originality and subtlety of thought, with anything which has appeared in the magazine. As Professor Clifford puts what he has to say in the briefest form consistent with intelligibility, it would be impossible to give any summary of this acute analysis of the ultimate facts of perception without virtual mis-statement. So loose and shifting is the terminology at the service of mental analysts, that the conclusions reached by any one of them cannot be fairly stated without giving his definition of the terms used. It is one of the merits of Professor Clifford's paper that he sets out with a rigid definition of his terms.

One of the chief objects of the *New Quarterly Magazine* seems to be to apply scholarship to the task of digging up readable biographies, tales, and personal gossip out of the past. The exhumed treasures have all the charm of novelty. Three of the papers in the present number have this character—Dr. Hueffer's "Story of Dr. Faustus," Miss Zimmern's "Idyll of Eubœa," and Mr. C. E. Brown's "Early Literary Journals."

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—"THE PHANTOM."

Of all the vast repertory of modern German and French opera, a work less adapted for reproduction at Her Majesty's Theatre could not well have been chosen than Flotow's *L'Ombre*, anglicè *The Phantom*. It is the weakest production of a never very strong composer; the plot does not admit of scenic display; it is, moreover, involved, and requires for its full explanation an amount of expressive acting wholly beyond the reach of most English singers. In a small house, and sung and acted as French artists know how to sing and act, the work may satisfy the demands of very modest audiences; brought out under such conditions as it is at Her Majesty's, failure seems inevitable. Originally Flotow's musical design was of the very slightest description. In emulation perhaps of Halévy's *L'Eclair*, *L'Ombre* is intended for four solo parts, without chorus, and without recitatives. Both these have been supplied for an Italian version, greatly to the detriment of the general impression, a chorus of irrelevant villagers especially being introduced in the clumsiest manner. The plot amounts to little indeed. A French count, an officer in one of the king's regiments, has been condemned to be shot for protecting the persecuted Calvinists, but has been saved by a comrade, who has induced the soldiers to fire with blank cartridges. He lives *incognito* as a sculptor at a village, and is loved by his landlady, Mme. Vespina, a good-natured but somewhat waspish lady, as the name indicates. To his house comes by chance a girl who has secretly loved him as a count, and now fails to recognise him as a sculptor. He engages her as housekeeper, and immediately begins to make love to her, much to the annoyance of Vespina, as may be imagined. The girl believes the count to be dead, and seeing him on one occasion at night in his regimentals takes him for his own wraith, whence the name of the piece. There is also a kind of intermeddling doctor, who rides on a horse called Cocottè—a name which the English adapter, Mr. Gilbert à Beckett, evidently believes to be in perfect consonance with "trotter"—and besides filling the important place of bass in the vocal quartet, plays providence in general. He recovers at the right moment the full pardon of the Count, who is on the point of giving himself up to justice to save his generous comrade, and ultimately marries the disappointed Vespina. The Count himself, it need hardly be said, establishes his substantial identity to the satisfaction of his beloved. On the French stage a sparkling and well-delivered dialogue would naturally be an important assistance to this meagre plot, but at Her Majesty's Theatre this is out of the question. Here the dialogue has been turned partly into very dry recitative, and, whether sung or spoken, is hurried through by singers evidently anxious to arrive with as little delay as possible at the familiar ballads of which by far the greater portion of the music is composed. To analyse this music in detail would be a waste of paper and patience. Everybody knows that the author of *Martha* can write for the voice, and has a certain command of the lighter touches of orchestral colouring. But in the present work these advantages make little amend for the all but unprecedented inanity of the melodious conception. To say of every individual tune whether it is taken from Adam, or Verdi, or Balfe, or Meyerbeer, would be difficult, seeing that Herr Flotow adopts in preference the most commonplace passages he can find in his models. But the audience never gets rid of the impression of having heard a tune, or a phrase, or a cadence, not once but twenty times before. Not much more can be said in favour of the concerted pieces. If, as we are told, the quartet preceding dinner, "Approach your places," has pleased Parisian critics, such a circumstance would only prove that these gentlemen are easily satisfied, and that the taste for refined comic music, such as may be found in Auber and Boieldieu, is fading rapidly amongst the countrymen of those great composers.

Of the representatives of the four parts at Her Majesty's the ladies were infinitely in advance of the gentlemen. Mlle. Bauermeister is an accomplished singer, and her graceful acting gave much piquancy to the part of Vespina. The more sentimental character of Gina was rendered with equal success by Miss Purdy, a young English singer, with a fine mezzo-soprano voice and decided dramatic gift. Mr. Fox (Dr. Mirouet), has a fine bass voice, but to find a simile for the stiffness of his movements would baffle the verbal ingenuity of our American cousins. From his acting it would have been impossible to tell whether his part was tragic or comic, or both, or neither. The vocal achievements of Signor (now Mr.) Talbo (Count Rollecourt, alias Monsieur Fabrice), are painfully remembered from the Italian season last spring. Singing in his own language does not improve the harshness of his utterance and the huskiness of his intonation. Originally good materials are allowed to run to waste through want of sufficient study. Without very audible assistance from prompter's box and conductor's desk, this gentleman would have found it difficult to get through his part.

DRAMA.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—"DIPLOMACY."

The adapters of M. Sardou's *Dora* have done their work with commendable skill and discretion. They have, in effect, changed only the local colouring, and

have left the incidents of the main plot intact. The real action in M. Sardou's play begins with the third act; all that precedes is introductory. The adapters have written a new introduction—new, that is to say, in the *milieu* of some of the personages, and have succeeded in compressing all that is essential in M. Sardou's introduction into one act. The heroine and her mother are still impecunious visitors at Nice, only, out of deference to our English prejudices, the mother is somewhat more respectable, and has not actually eked out her income by dishonest means, though her finances are at the lowest ebb. The Austro-German diplomatist of the original, who employs spies to ferret out secrets and steal documents if necessary, is made a German-Russian diplomatist, Baron Stein. The French liked to believe evil of the German diplomatists; we like to believe evil of Russian diplomatists. The nationality of the spy, Countess Zicka, whose jealousy is the moving power in the plot, is left doubtful, as in the original. The hero, a French *attaché*, is adapted into an English *attaché*. His friend becomes his brother in the English version, because the ties of friendship are not supposed to warrant such liberty of remonstrance and guidance in England as in France. Their common friend, a Hungarian refugee, is changed into an exiled Russian nobleman. But the chief change lies in the transformation of French political allusions into political allusions from a certain English point of view to the Eastern Question. It is here that the adapters have been able to make their chief omissions, without leaving the audience sensible of any blank. M. Sardou's brilliant hits, which were the delight of Paris, would have been unintelligible and tedious to the great majority of English playgoers, and it is well that the adapters did not consider themselves obliged to provide an equivalent. Altogether, the new introduction is very cleverly managed; it is not dull, and it is sufficient. We do not quite see what necessity there was for introducing a young secretary of legation and his wife, by way of completing the picture of diplomatic society. And some scraps of the new dialogue are somewhat audaciously realistic, such, for example, as the following:—

> Mr. Beauclerc (*abruptly*). I say, Julian.
> Captain Beauclerc (*nonchalantly*). Well, old man?
> Mr. B. What are you up to?
> Capt. B. (*affecting ignorance*). Where?
> Mr. B. No damned nonsense, I hope.
> Capt. B. (*affecting surprise*). I?

Still the managers of the Prince of Wales's Theatre no doubt know by experience what its frequenters like. Such imitation of familiar talk always, we are bound to admit, seems to produce a ripple of interest; and as long as plays with so much sterling stuff in them as *Diplomacy* are put on the stage, the severer critic need not grudge those sacrifices to the genius of Mr. T. W. Robertson.

The chief surprise in the acting is the excellent representation of the hero by Mr. Kendal. Mr. Kendal has never before given any marked evidence, or even promise, of ability to act with such subdued force and intensity. He takes the part of the hero, the young diplomatist, who marries the young lady of mysterious antecedents, and is confronted on the afternoon of his wedding day with apparently irrefutable evidence, devised by the unscrupulous and jealous Zicka, that she has betrayed his friend and himself to the enemies of his country. To pourtray the first indignant repudiation of suspicion, the anguish of acquiescence in its truth, and the eagerness of the search for means to prove its falsehood, required no ordinary power, and Mr. Kendal acquitted himself of his task with abundant force yet without a trace of exaggeration. The other parts were in hands that seldom fail. The *rôle* of stage-demon is new to Mrs. Bancroft, who plays the wily and vindictive Zicka. She has some difficulty in attaining and preserving a duly sinister look upon her countenance, especially before an audience accustomed to see her in a different aspect, but her consummate art more than makes amends. Count Orloff, represented by Mr. Bancroft, appears but little on the stage, except in the second act as the unwilling accuser of Dora. His bearing when the Count discovers that he is accusing a wife to her husband, is admirable in its reserved expression of sincere regret. The grieved dignity with which he bears the husband's anger, and the reluctance with which he yields to the entreaty of the husband's brother that he will tell all he knows, are simulated with a skill that leaves nothing to be desired. In this scene, also, Mr. Clayton, as Mr. Beauclerc, the elder brother, acts well. It is the great situation of the piece, and one of the greatest situations in modern comedy. Mr. Clayton is not so happy in some other passages, if he is expected to preserve the illusion of diplomatic politeness. He makes fun too broadly of the Marquise de Rio Zarès, the mother of Dora, and grins too unreservedly in the face of Baron Stein, and sniffs in rather too pronounced a way at the traces of Zicka's tell-tale scent among his papers. Still he always keeps himself well in command; he never obtrudes his points, which all tell with the house, so as to interfere with his companions on the stage; and his humorous antics serve to relieve the serious tension of the piece, and give it at times a welcome air of hilarity, which would be lost if he played in a more subdued style. In Baron Stein, Mr. Arthur Cecil gives another proof of his wonderful versatility in seizing and sustaining characters of widely different descriptions. A word of praise in this same direction is due to Mr. Deane, whose small part of Antoine was finished to perfection.

VARIORUM NOTES.

Many worthy utilitarians have been sorely puzzled to discover some practical purpose to which the new order of the Imperial Crown of India might be put. It is to the wisdom of the East that we are indebted for this order. To the East, then, we may fairly look for inspiration in trying to "make something of" this new "Order of Distinction and Chivalry." In the *Pekin Gazette* of October 29 last, there is recorded an Imperial decree which will help those who seek to turn the new order to some good use. The decree in question is based on a memorial from the Governor of Shansi, one of the Chinese provinces which, like India, has been suffering from a terrible famine. This edict sanctions a proposal which the sagacious Governor made for the purpose of raising a Famine Relief Fund. He craved leave to establish agencies in all the afflicted districts under his care for the public sale, not of offices, but of what is valued much more highly in a country where bureaucrats form the aristocracy—namely, the social rank and precedence attached to office. The proceeds of each transaction were to be delivered over to the Shansi Famine Fund. According to the Imperial decree sanctioning this scheme, the dignities thus hawked about almost as freely as were the baronetcies granted by James I. are to be catalogued and reported on to the Government. Already the Imperial authorities have instructed the Board of Revenue to make out 2,000 blank certificates, and forward them to the Governor of Shansi, in order that he may open up this new trade in titles without delay. This project offers to the Indian statesman a valuable hint. Like Northern China, India is famine-stricken. India has also difficulty in raising taxes to pay the costs of a pauperised Empire. The commonest axiom of the Indian finance is that "our brilliant dependency" cannot bear another farthing of taxation—but that, it must be allowed, applies rather to the India of the rich, not to the India of the poor, who are promptly mulcted when occasion arises. Still it may be admitted that the upper and official class in India cannot be subjected to an increase of compulsory taxation, for the simple reason that they have the power to kick against any new imposts. But does not this scheme of the intelligent Governor of Shansi suggest something? Can the upper class in India not be got to pay voluntary tribute? Have our rulers in the East Indies not woefully overlooked the fiscal fruitfulness of snobbery? Might not our Eastern Empire, with her diminishing revenue and her increasing expenditure, try to make some-

thing out of the vanity of rich but untitled Anglo-Indians, who, not being in "the Service," dote upon rank in every shape and form? Great tribulation has been caused by excluding certain ladies—notably military ladies—from the possession of the new "Order of the Imperial Crown of India." Why not put an end to all such grievances by decreeing, as the Governor of Shansi would do if he were an Indian satrap, that everyone who contributed so many thousand rupees to the Indian Famine Assurance and Contingency Fund should be forthwith decorated, on the ground of having "deserved well of the State." It may not be practicable to extract diamonds from the forehead of toad or toady, but it may be possible to induce Anglo-Indian snobbery to pay tribute to the Government for a purpose not wholly ignoble.

A telegram from Shanghai announces the death of Mr. Charles Wycliffe Goodwin, Assistant-Judge at that place. Mr. Goodwin, who was about sixty years of age, was the son of a solicitor in large practice at Lynn. He was Fellow of his college at Cambridge, and was in due course called to the Bar. He devoted himself, however, to the study of Egyptology in preference to the active pursuit of his profession, and he was one of the ablest Egyptologists, in England at any rate, if not in Europe. He was also a ripe Hebrew scholar, and thoroughly acquainted with the Semitic languages. He is best known by his famous essay on the Mosaic Cosmogony, but he also occasionally contributed various articles on Egypt and Egyptology to the different philological reviews and magazines. Up to his death he was engaged in the study of Chinese, and it is to be hoped that some competent hand may be found to edit his papers. In private he was simple, diffident of his own powers, and the soul of honour, resigning his fellowship as his religious opinions changed, and carrying a similar scrupulosity into every action of his life. His younger brother, Harvey, is the present Bishop of Carlisle.

Since the regretted retirement of M. Bressant from the boards of the Théâtre Français *Le Misanthrope* has found no fit exposition until the performance of the play which has just taken place with M. Delaunay as Alceste, Mlle. Favart as Arsinoë, Mlle. Croizette as Célimène, and M. Coquelin as Oronte. Of this performance, M. Vitu, who is to our thinking a far finer critic than M. Sarcey (whose papers, called *Comédiens et Comédiennes*, display a singular want of taste in many directions) writes in terms of the highest praise. He quotes from a *feuilleton* of 1677 a just appreciation of the scope of the play and its chief character, which was drawn, not, as is often supposed, from Molière himself, but from the Duc de Montausier. "Le Misanthrope," said the writer of 1677, "malgré sa folie, si l'on peut ainsi appeler son humeur, a le caractère d'un honnête homme et beaucoup de fermeté, comme l'on peut connaître dans l'affaire du sonnet; et ce qui est admirable est que, bien qu'il paraisse en quelque façon ridicule, il dit des choses fort justes." M. Delaunay, continues M. Vitu, plays "ni comme Geoffrey, ni comme Bressant, mais comme Delaunay," and has grasped accurately the double nature of Alceste. He bursts into the most ridiculous extravagance of denunciation about nothing; but, as soon as his heart is really touched, one loses sight of all Alceste's oddity, and sees only a betrayed and despairing lover. In his delivery of the famous speech, beginning, "Puis-je ainsi triompher?" there was infinite dignity and pathos. "M. Delaunay," continues the critic, "has never been seen to more complete advantage," and it would be difficult to give an actor higher praise than this. M. Vitu considers Mlle. Croizette's performance, on the whole, a fine one, although she missed her effect in the famous scene of the portraits. Mlle. Favart, in Arsinoë, proves that a new and brilliant career is open to her; while M. Coquelin's Oronte is of course excellent. By-the-by, M. Vitu's notion of Alceste's character will, to most people, appear just, but it is on record that Molière himself played the character "de la façon la plus comique."

Herr Maurice Neville, the young actor who has created such a sensation in Germany, arrived in London late last week. Herr Neville, who has passed triumphantly through the ordeal of the severely critical Court theatres of Germany, and who has won enthusiastic applause at Pesth, St. Petersburg, and Amsterdam, appears to be a man of very remarkable genius. His conception of dramatic art is little short of revolutionary, and the German press speak of the pathos of his Shylock and the frank plausibility of his Iago as simply revelations. But his greatest success has hitherto been in Othello, in which part some of the best continental critics have not hesitated to prefer him to Salvini. The *Allgemeine Zeitung*, a paper little given to extravagance, says in a long critique of Herr Neville's performance, that Germany has scarcely seen an actor of so high a genius in tragedy. All this makes us naturally very anxious to judge for ourselves. We hope that Herr Neville, who has at present, we understand, made no arrangements for public appearance, will lose no time in satisfying our curiosity. It is a singularity of the actor that he uniformly refuses to perform in any but classically poetic pieces, and that he prefers to confine himself to Shakespeare. He speaks English with only a very slight foreign intonation.

A young man gave, a few days ago, as a reason for going to the Strand Theatre, that a "Bur-n-and was worth two in the bush." He has been placed under the best medical care, and some hopes are entertained of his recovery.

Mr. Stanley has been very enthusiastically received in Paris, where the Comte de Paris has paid him the honour of a special visit, and the Société de Géographie is to entertain him at a banquet. This being so, it is a little ungracious of Sir Rutherford Alcock to write to the *Times* to announce, on behalf of the Royal Geographical Society, that "no arrangements of any kind have at present been entered into for receiving Mr. Stanley." This sort of small jealousy is amusing, but hardly creditable. Opinions may very well differ as to Mr. Stanley's merit, but his courage and energy cannot be questioned, and that he has crossed Africa, and followed down the Congo from its source, no one ventures to doubt.

The Baltimore correspondent of the *Standard* writes a somewhat alarmist letter on the "Tramp" question, which, according to this authority, is assuming great importance. It would seem that a great part of the Union is overrun by hordes of "tramps," who are only to be compared to the *Gueux* of West Flanders three centuries ago, and a convention has been called in Baltimore, with Mr. Montgomery Blair at the head, to inquire into and, if possible, check this terrible tramp. The correspondent himself, however, is obliged to admit that he fancies the number of these tramps is greatly overrated. We are certainly inclined to think so. As a rule, the tramp will be found to be far more like the hero of one of Bret Harte's last stories, 'My Friend the Tramp,' than one of the West Flanders *Gueux* or a Scotch "border reiver." But the great "tramp" question can be turned into a very convenient handle for party politics, as well as made to cover up or explain away many things, and this is one of the great reasons for its existence, apart from the fact that any big scare is sure to have its number of believers.

In spite of the known genius of its inventor, Mr. Edison, electricians in this country seem rather inclined to suspend their judgment about the "phonograph" or talking telephone; not that there is anything incorrect or improbable in the theory of the instrument, but that the difficulties in carrying out the theory seem to be such as hardly even so skilful a mechanician as Mr. Edison could overcome. Of course the incredulous philosophers may be all wrong, and it may be as easy to bottle up our words for future use as it is now to talk to your friends a hundred miles away.

It appears that Professor Bell is not to have all the credit of inventing the telephone. Another electrician, Professor Dolbear, has shown sufficient evidence of priority to be admitted, in America, to a share in the proceeds, and it is said that the two inventors are now working in concert. Meanwhile in London the market is flooded with cheap telephones. All the scientific instrument makers are selling—not telephones—but the different parts. If you cannot put the parts together, of course the dealer will "repair" the instrument, which you return to him for the purpose. One well-known optician sells you a telephone minus the vibrating disc, and after you have paid your money makes you a present—a sort of gratis supplement—of the disc. And yet these honest folk will tell you they are not infringing the patent.

Temple Bar is gone—nearly gone, that is to say—for one solitary arch remains, and may not, it is said, be moved, lest it and the building it is against

> Do one pluck down another, and together
> Die in the fall.

But there is no very great reason why this last arch should be taken away, unless indeed the old Bar be built up somewhere else. The arch is not in the way of traffic, and apart from the happy suggestion that it will serve as a capital seat for Lord Macaulay's New Zealander, is by no means unpicturesque. It gives indeed to that portion of the Strand in which it stands a quaintly ruined effect, somewhat recalling modern Rome, where one is always coming on such fragments of dead days in the most unexpected manner.

The glazing of the famous round aperture of the Pantheon at Rome certainly seems a rather melancholy act of Vandalism, if the operation is to be anything more than merely temporary. The *Daily News* of last Friday truly pointed out that there was something especially appropriate in choosing for the resting-place of Victor Emmanuel such a building, "with its one great light, its roof-opening admitting always the sun and air, interposing no glass or screen between the worshipper and the sky, for the king to lie in who loved the free, fresh, open air so well, and liked the close chamber of council or pageant as little as any Egmont or Douglas of history or legend." The round eye of the Pantheon has been consecrated so long in prose and poetry that any "improvement" is to be deplored.

A good story is told of the Pope. Three Englishmen were introduced to him, one of whom had been only two days in Rome, the other a month, and the third a year. The conversation naturally turned upon Rome itself, and the Pope, turning to that one of his guests who had been but two days in the Eternal City, said to him, "You, I suppose, have seen a great deal of Rome?" "Oh, yes, a great deal," replied the Englishman. The Pope then turned to him of the month's stay, and said, "You, I suppose, have not seen so very much of Rome?" "No, not very much," was the reply. To the last Englishman the Pope said, "You, I should think, have seen very little of Rome." "Very little indeed," was the answer. The Pope smiled benignly, and dismissed his audience.

The Japanese customs are highly interesting and picturesque from a historical point of view, or as seen through the medium of Mitford's Japanese stories, but they scarcely bear importation to our colder clime. If Japanese students take to stabbing each other in London, after the example recently set them, how are we to be guaranteed against the introduction of the Japanese vendetta system, as well as harakiri. To do the Japanese justice, however, they may be not a little puzzled to find that we are ready to accept from them any quantity of fans, china, and other specimens of art debased for the European market, and yet object to any more practical demonstration of their manners than is to be found on screens or tea-cups.

Mr. Tennyson has, we understand, several new poems nearly ready for publication. One of them is something in the style of the famous "Northern Farmer."

We hear that Ross Neil's play, *Elfinella*, which is underlined at the Princess's, will be mounted with the utmost pains, and that Mr. Alfred Cellier has been specially engaged to write the music for it.

The "French Critic on Goethe," discussed in the *Quarterly Review*, just about to be published, is M. Scherer, Senator of France.

Berthold Auerbach will contribute a new novel, 'Die Feindlichen Schwestern' to the second quarter of the second volume of the *Deutsche Revue*.

Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin will shortly publish a new work by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, entitled 'Some Present Dangers of the Church of England.'

Messrs. James Parker and Co., of Oxford, will shortly issue a curious collection of twelfth-century sermons, under the title of 'The Founder of Norwich Cathedral. The Life, Letters, and Sermons of Bishop Herbert de Losinga.'

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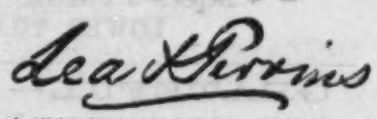

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